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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Evenings in Greece: First Evening. The Poetry by Thomas Moore, Esq.; the Music composed and selected by H. R. Bishop and Mr. Moore. Pp. 89. London, 1827. J. Power.

Or the ten musical compositions which adorn this publication, we shall speak in their proper place (our notice of new music); but in the interim, we cannot suffer a varied poem from the pen of Mr. Moore to issue from the press without paying our debts to it as a literary work. The plan is extremely simple. The youths of Zia (the ancient Cios, and the birth-land of Simonides and Bacchylides) sail forth to fight for Greece and liberty; and during their absence, the maidens who remain at home meet every eve at a beautiful fountain, where they beguile the time with song and dance. The departure of the warriors, and the observance of the first of those Evening festivals (if we may so term them), form the theme of the present volume, which will afford great delight both to poetical readers and to the lovers of melody. Did it not come from so high a name, we should hold the composition to be hardly amenable to criticism; especially as the obligation to write for music must exempt the poet from rules which bind him in the superior styles of his art. But while we grant so much, we must protest, lest they should be drawn into precedents, against some of Mr. Moore's divisions of lines—against a rare fault with him, one line whose musical rhythm is imperfect—and against one or two defects in sense or construction. For example, in the opening—

"The moon is in the heavens above,
And the wind is on the foaming sea—
Thus shines the star of woman's love."

The linking "thus" applies to the wind at least as much as to the moon, and it is evident that the wind cannot shine like any star whatever. With regard to the linear divisions, breaking off at every possible part of speech, we shall not point them out, since even in pursuing our better task of quoting some of the beauties in the poem, they must strike the attention, as they (like the other slight blemishes we have indicated) take a little from the perfect accuracy, though they will take nothing from the brilliancy and popularity, of this graceful and charming production.

Of the Grecian assembled maidens, after the indulgence of their parting sorrows, it is sweetly said—

"But seldom long doth hang thy eclipse
Of sorrow o'er such youthful breasts—
The breath from her own blushing lips,
That on the maiden's rarer rove,
Not sweeter, lighter from the glass,
Than adness from her brow doth pass!
Soon did they now, as round the Well
They sat, beneath the rising moon,
And some, with voice of awe, would tell
Of midnight fays, and nymphs who dwell
In holy fountains,—some would tune
Their lute notes, that now had laid
For days without a single strain—
"Till, when, from all the rest apart,
With laugh that told the lightest heart,

Sat, whispering in each other's ear
Secrets that all in turn would hear—
Soon did they find this thoughtless play
So swiftly steal their griefs away,
That many a nymph, though pleased the while,
Reproach'd her own forgetful smile,
And sigh'd to think she could be gay."

One, a native of Leucadia, who had visited the site of Sappho's immortal death, sings a song worthy of the hapless Lesbian, which the author describes, in a sparkling and peculiar simile, to be one of those vivid fragments

"Which still—like sparkles of Greek Fire,
Udding, ev'n beneath the wave—
Burn on through Time, and ne'er expire!"

It is as follows:

"As o'er her loom the Lesbian maid
In love-sick languor hung her head,
Unknown where her fingers stray'd;
She weeping turned away, and said:
'Oh, my sweet mother—'tis in vain—
I cannot weave, as once I wove—
So wilder'd is my heart and brain
With thinking of that youth I love!"

Again the web she tried to trace,
But tears fell o'er each tangled thread,
While, looking in her mother's face,
Who o'er her watchful lean'd, she said:
'Oh, my sweet mother, 'tis in vain—
I cannot weave, as once I wove—
So wilder'd is my heart and brain
With thinking of that youth I love!"

The next song is introduced in a way which will forcibly remind every reader of Scott's *Last Minstrel*.

"At length a murmur, all but mute,
So faint it was, came from the lute
Of a young melancholy maid,
Whose fingers, all uncertain, play'd
From chord to chord, as if in chase
Of some lost melody, some strain
Of other times, whose faded trace
She sought among those chords again.
Slowly the half-forgotten theme
(Though born in feelings ne'er forgot)
Came to her memory—as a beam
Falls broken o'er some shaded spot—
And while her lute's sad symphony
Fill'd up each sighing pause between;
And Love himself might weep to see
(As fays behold the wither'd green
Where late they danced) what misery
May follow where his steps have been,
Thus simply to the listening throng
She breathed her melancholy song."

The lay itself is but a relic, apparently saved by tradition: it is very natural and pathetic.

"Weeping for thee, my love, through the long day,
Lonely and wearily life wears away,
Weeping for thee, my love, through the long night—
No rest in darkness, no joy in light!
Nought left but memory, whose dreary tread
Sounds through this dreary heart, where all lies dead—
Wakening the echoes of joy long fled!"

The comment is worthy of the theme.

"Of many a stanza, this alone
Had escaped oblivion—like the one
Stray fragment of a wreck, that, thrown,
With the lost vessel's name, ashore,
Tells who they were that live no more.
When thus the heart is in a vein
Of tender thought, the simplest strain
Can touch it with peculiar power—
As when the air is war'd, the scent
Of the most wild and rustic flower
Can fill the whole rich element—
And, in such moods, the homeliest tone
That's linked with feelings once our own—
With friends or joys gone by—will be
Worth choirs of loftiest harmony!"

We pass a characteristic halloo on the Ro.
maika, for a chorus of victory, and a fug pic.
ture to introduce this Pyrrhic measure.

"Some call'd aloud 'the Fountain Dance!'"

While one young, dark-eyed Amazon,
Whose step was shrike-like, and whose glance
Flash'd like a sabbre in the sun,
Sportively said—'Shame on these soft
And languid strains we hear so oft—
Daughters of Freedom! have not we
Learn'd from our lovers and our sire
The Dance of Greece, while Greece was free—
That Dance, where neither flutes nor lyres,
But sword and shield clash on the ear—
A music tyrants quake to hear!
Heroines of Zia, arm with me,
And dance the dance of Victory!"

Thus saying, she, with playful grace,
Loos'd the wide hat that o'er her face
(From Anatolia came the maid)
Hung, shadowing each sunny charm,
And, with a fair young armorer's aid,
Fixing it on her rounded arm,
A mimic shield with pride display'd:
Then, springing tow'ris a grove that spread
Its canopy of foliage green,
Pluck'd off a lance-like twig, and said,
'To arms, to arms!' while o'er her head
She waved the light branch, as a spear.

Promptly the laughing maidens all
Obey'd their chief's heroic call—
Round the shield-arm of each was tied
Hat, turban, shawl, as chance might be;
The grove, their verdant armoury,
Falcon and lance alike supplied;
And as their glossy locks, let free,
Fell down their shoulders carelessly,
You might have dream'd you saw a throng
Of youthful Thyads, by the beam
Of a May moon, bounding along
Pegasus' silver-eddied stream!

And now they step'd, with measured tread,
Partially o'er the shining field:
Now, to the mimic combat led,
A herald at each squadron's head,
Struck lance to lance, and sword to shield;
While still, through every varying feat,
Their voices—heard in contrast sweet
With some, of deep but softer'd sound,
From lips of aged aires, who, round,
Stood smiling at their children's play—
Thus sang the ancient Pyrrhic lay:

'Raise the buckler—poise the lance—
Now here—now there—retreat—advance!"
Such were the sounds to which the warrior boy
Danced in those happy days when Greece was free:
When Spartan's youth, ev'n in the hour of joy,
Thus train'd their steps to war and victory!
'Raise the buckler—poise the lance—
Now here—now there—retreat—advance!"
Such was the Spartan warriors' dance.

'Grasp the falchion—slid the shield—
Attack—defend—be all, but yield!"
Thus did thy sons, oh Greece! one glorious night,
Dance by a moon like this, till o'er the sea
That morning dawn'd, by whose immortal light
They grandly died for thee and liberty!
'Raise the buckler—poise the lance—
Now here—now there—retreat—advance!"
Such was the Spartan heroes' dance."

"Fond girls! an aged Zien said—
One who himself had fought and bled,
And now, with feelings half delight,
Half sadness, watch'd their mimic fight—
'Fond maids! who thus with war can jest,
Like Love, in Mars's helmet dress,
When, in his childish innocence,
Pleased with the shade that helmet flings,
He thinks not of the blood that thence
Is dropping o'er his snowy wings,
Ay—true it is, young patriot maids,
Did Honour's arm still win the fray,
Did luck but shine on righteous blades,
War were a game for gods to play!
But, no, alas!—hear one who well
Hath track'd the fortunes of the brave—
Hear me, in mournful ditty, tell
What glory waits the patriot's grave—
As by the stream, at break of day,
A veteran's staff is lying dry,

Upon the sands, with broken sword,
He traced his farewell to the free;
And, there, the last unfinished word
He dying wrote was 'Liberty!'

At night, a sea-bird shriek'd the knell
Of him who thus for freedom fell;
The words he wrote, ere evening came,
Were cover'd by the sounding sea;—
So pass away the cause and name
Of him who dies for liberty!

With this stirring, though melancholy verse we may aptly contrast one delightful little piece, called the Two Fountains, in which all the acknowledged charm of Moore's lyrical genius will be recognised.

"I saw, from yonder silent cave,
Two fountains running side by side,
The one was Memory's liquid wave,
The other cold Oblivion's tide.
'Oh Love!' said I, in thoughtless dream,
As o'er my lips the Lefte pass'd,
'Here, in this dark and chilly stream,
Be all my pains forgot at last.'

But who could bear that gloomy blank,
Where joy was lost as well as pain?
Quickly of Memory's fount I drank,
And brought the past all back again;
And said, 'Oh Love! what'er my lot,
I'll let this soul to thee be true—
Rather than have one bliss forgot,
Be all my pains remember'd too!'

Seeking a ruin near the sea-shore, the maidens hear a sad strain from a solitary wanderer there; and with this simply affecting quotation we conclude a notice, which it might be thought has robbed the volume of too large a proportion of its contents, were it not likely that our readers will be too well pleased with the robbery to be angry with its perpetrators.

"Ah! where are they who heard, in former hours,
The voice of song in these neglected bowers?
They are gone—they all are gone!

The youth, who told his pain in such sweet tone,
That all who heard him wish'd his pain their own—
He is gone—he is gone!

And she who, while he sung, sat listening by,
And thought, to strains like these 'twere sweet to die—
She is gone—she too is gone!

'Tis thus, in future hours, some bard will say
Of her who hears, and him who sings, this lay—
They are gone—they both are gone!

Again, and again, we commend this volume, equally dear to poetry and music, to every lover of either.

Holland-Tide; or, Munster Popular Tales.
12mo. pp. 358. London, 1827. Simpkin and Marshall.

MINGLING lively description and serious interest, these tales are what they profess to be, thoroughly popular and Irish: the fearful murder, the fairy legend, the tale of true love, are all blended together, and to good effect. There is no romance so effective, and yet so difficult to depict on paper, as that of real life. We continually both hear and make the exclamation, "Well, if this had been in a novel, we should have said how untrue, how absurd!" and often does the unfortunate book get thrown aside, with "Oh, this is too improbable!" We hold that the whole fault lies in the characters, not in the action: let your narrative be of the wildest and most wonderful, such as often has occurred, and often will occur again; only let your *dramatis personæ* act naturally even in the most extraordinary predicaments,—act as beings of flesh and blood would do; and the interest will be kept up truly and strongly. But to make them act naturally, there lies the difficulty! and it is on this ground that we give unqualified praise to the present volume. The principal tale is indeed the only one which brings the author forward as a novelist; the earlier part is perfect, and nothing can be more interesting, yet more simple, than the heroine. Of the latter part, our

judgment is less favourable; for the sake of one striking scene, the probability is sacrificed, and this conviction forces itself upon us even while we are reading. The following scene may speak for itself; we shall only say, that its hero and heroine have been early companions, though a separation has taken place: two or three years and Trinity College have transformed the boy into the man; the same period has changed the girl into the woman.

"It was too cold a morning to think a great deal of love, and yet, as Aylmer took his way over the crisp and frosty meadows that lay between him and the residence of the Fitzmaurices, he could not avoid renewing his conjectures as to the probable effect of time on the frame and mind of his fair play-fellow, and repeatedly putting the silent question to his heart, whether he should now seriously fall in love, or no. Capitulation, on such occasions, is a very usual consequence of parley: but as this happens to be one of those situations of the heart (so useful to a story-teller,) in which the reader is kind enough to find novelty and entertainment even in repetition,—just as one thinks the dinner-bell, at forty years of age, sounds quite as sweetly as it did at ten,—there can be no great harm in following the steps of the deliverator through all the gradations of his defeat. His spirit warmed within him, in spite of the season, as he saw the smoke curling off in light blue masses (it is turf smoke we speak of, gentle London reader), from the chimneys of Kilavariga-house (those classical names are destructive to all sentiment), every stone, and brick, and tile, and crink, and cranny of which were as familiar to his memory as the shape of his nose, or the colour of his hair. There was the great avenue gate, on which Kate and himself, when relieved from the stern constraint of their guardian's eye, were wont to indulge in a fine romping bout of swinging, and riding, and shouting, and screaming, and laughing; and which, if the truth must be told, was the scene of many a serious battle-royal between the pair, so far as that fray could be called a battle, in which all the offence lay on the feminine side. Stepping over the stile on one side of the closed entrance, a greater number of remembrancers of the olden time started up before him—the haggard (Irish-English for hay-yard), behind the stacks of which they had played many a merry game of hoop, and hide and seek; the little pond, on which they had launched their green flag-boats, and cheered them as they skimmed over the surface, with as keen and certainly quite as philosophical an interest as the spectators of the T. Y. C. matches on the banks of father Thames. Leaving all these sweet stimulants of memory behind him, however, Aylmer approached the dwelling of the still sweeter being to whom they were indebted for more than half their interest. As he crossed the lawn, his eyes fixed on the window of the parlour, which (not the gentle instinct of affection, though we would fain assert it, but) his memory told him was her appointed place of work, of study, and of elegant amusement, he saw the light muslin blind withdrawn for an instant, and a fair face, with hair clustering about it, in papers, like ripening grapes, just shewed itself, and 'vanished, like a shooting star.' The blind was re-adjusted, and Aylmer beheld nothing further of the inmates of Kilavariga, until he had applied himself to the brazen knocker of the hall-door. It was opened almost instantly, by (not the dear hand which his throbbing heart had led him to anticipate, but) the more robust and substantial one of

Norry, the 'getter up of small linen' to the establishment. Those who saw Norry on her return to the kitchen, averred that there were, in the heightened colour of her cheek, and the sparkle of her eye, tokens of a welcome on her part, and a greeting on Aylmer's, a little more Irish than the lady of the house might have been pleased to witness—but this is none of our business. Aylmer hurried on, with a pulse throbbing in the tumultuousness of expectation, into the parlour; but he found no one there, although the disposition of the furniture shewed him that it had been very recently abandoned by its mistress. The slight feeling of disappointment which this seeming coldness and tardiness gave occasion to, was quickly removed, however, by the appearance of two or three curl-papers, dropped near the pier-glass. Aylmer smiled most roguishly and impudently, as he stooped to pick one up; but he was properly punished for his conceit and impertinence. It was torn from one of his own best composed and most poetical epistles. Humbled and irritated a little, he began, in the absence of his friend, to collect from the objects around him all the indications of the present state of her mind and habits which these could supply. The dark-grained, well-polished oaken floor was strewn (around the work-table) with fragments of dress,—a species of feminine carelessness, which, however severely reprehended by mothers and governesses, has always been regarded both by Aylmer and myself with much tenderness, as imparting a very civilised air to a mansion, when disposed with a sufficiently careful negligence. Nothing is more ornamental to a lonely house, in a wild country, than those scattered symptoms of gentle womanhood. A volume of Ferrar's History of Limerick, lying with a thread-paper between the leaves, enabled Aylmer to form a diagnostic of a little female patriotism; while an unmuffled harp, with a music-stand and book, near the window, rather modestly thrown into shade, gave indications of higher accomplishment than he had even been led to hope for. All these delightful conclusions were, however, soon cut short by the sound of a light foot upon the staircase without. His heart leaped into his eyes, as he bent them on the door—the handle stirred—it was opened. 'Kate! Kate!' 'Oh, William!' I know that there are many very respectable persons, whose theory, as well as practice, it is, to make all the impulses of passion and feeling, as well as all the varieties of action and attitude, obnoxious to the rules of etiquette—who can be joyous within limit, or most elegantly disconsolate, as the occasion may require—and to such I can have no apology to offer for the conduct of my heroine at this conjuncture. She received the friend and playmate of her childhood with an ecstasy truly barbarous—there is no denying the fact—she almost rushed into his arms—she hardly checked the kiss which he was presumptuous enough to snatch from her, and very faintly even on its repetition—her delight was outrageously unsophisticated and natural—it was, in fact, an Irish meeting 'all over.' When the 'Kates,' and 'Williams,' and 'my goodnesses!' and 'dear mees!' and bursts of laughter, and all the other delicious nothings in which this untamed affection is privileged to indulge itself on such occasions, had been nearly expended, Aylmer contemplated the face and figure of his young friend with greater attention; and we shall now describe what he saw, as accurately as possible. He was not disappointed in any way by either the countenance or the person of his mistress (for as such,

at the first glance, he had set her down); and yet though the one was beautiful, the former fell decidedly short of that standard. There was no exquisite combination of colour in the cheeks—no lilies and roses—no rubies—no diamonds, and yet the face itself was perfectly captivating. Her lips were thin, but eternally charged with an expression of arch gravity, or undisguised pleasure, which the restless heart supplied in such continual succession as totally to exclude all thought of considering their pretensions to mere material beauty. Her eye was gray, and shrewd in its moments of comparative inaction, but full of fire, of passion, of mirth, of thought, of feeling, or of fun, according as those varying emotions were stirred up within her bosom. The whole countenance fell into a character of intensity and animation, which gave the fairest promise in the world of the evenness that might be expected from the mind and temper. It was the veritable window to the heart, for which the philosophic braggart affected to sigh, and was only to be loved for the revelation of the spirit which was in it.—“She is not handsome, decidedly,” said the student to himself, after the elegant fashion of his compeers in T. C. D.; “she is none of your brick-and-mortar beauties—but I like her the better—there’s *more* about her. ‘Tis a well-built forehead, too.”

The other tales are excellent in their way: the Hand and Word is a well-told murder; and little Jack Edy is almost Crofton Crokerish. We cannot leave this volume without observing how well the Aylmers of Bally-Aylmer would dramatise. Miss Kelly would be an exquisite Kate.

Valentine Verses; or, Lines of Truth, Love, and Virtue. By the Rev. Richard Cobbold, A.M. 8vo. pp. 262. Ipswich, E. Shalders.

THE fifth commandment is quoted on the title-page of this strange volume; and by uniting the Decalogue with Valentines, gives note of the odd medley within. “Honour thy father and thy mother,” repeats Mr. Cobbold! happy are we that the injunction goes no farther, for we should be in a state of utter reprobation were we bound to “honour the author of this book, and the artist of its 100 plates.” that our days might be long in the land. Yet let us admit, that of all the exhibitions of literary vanity and egotism which we have seen, the present is one of the most inoffensive and amiable. The disposition is good, but the intellect is not strong; and it is an unfortunate thing to thrust before the beard of this rough world those innocent follies, which are only tolerable to weak minds in privacy and the domestic circle. Thus, like the egregious Chaplain of my Lord Mayor, (whose grandiloquent work for the inculcation of piety, by a full and particular account of civic gourmandizing and absurdity, we reviewed a fortnight since), the Reverend Richard Cobbold, another pillar of the church, and (heaven save the mark!) another A.M.,

* Why he did not take a higher degree, is explained in one of the Valentines, called the *Sonnet House*, where he confesseth that he was much in love, while much at college.

“Newton, Paley, Woodhouse, Locke,
Vince and Wood, Equation Bland—
Great senators of Cambridge stock—
Your books were often in my hand;
But far away my thoughts had flown,
To one who wore a different gown.

But never siller; day by day,
Some knowledge was attain’d—
I read, I wrote, I worked away,
But Love was all I gain’d.

O deep regret, the Wrangler’s boon
Perchance were mine, or Woodhouse’s own.

has devoted himself to the service of “Truth, Love, and Virtue,” by a superlative effort of genius.

It may be remembered, by persons deeply read in history, that Ipswich is already famous for the production of a great churchman, and a man of extraordinary abilities: we allude to one Cardinal Wolsey, a native of that place; but we are free to declare our opinion, that Cardinal Wolsey never wrote any thing like this volume of Mr. Cobbold’s, and that the very best poetry he ever composed must be mere linsey-woolsey when compared to this rich and silky fabrication. Be it our duty to make it better known to the literati of the age in which it has made its appearance, and hand it down with due laud to endless posterity.

After the title-page, with its epigraph, the first prominent feature is a portrait of “John Cobbold, Esq.,” which faces a dedication to him of his son’s performance—a dedication which carefully records the “industry” of the said John, whom the Rev. Richard honours, and, in a kingly style, calls “Sire,” for *pater-nizing* fifteen children, including himself “his affectionate fourteenth child.” This large family, the worthy father (we are farther told) has amply provided for, and placed independently: conduct unquestionably to be commended and admired, and only made liable to ridicule by being printed and published in a big book.

Next comes a preface, beginning—“In the family of the Cobbolds, at Ipswich, has existed for many years”—what? the practice of writing Valentines on Valentine’s-day! As the family of the Cobbolds, at Ipswich, is perhaps the only family in the kingdom where such doings are tolerated, we beg to refer readers to the detailed account of the manner in which they are accomplished, assuring them that it is replete with novelty and information. It is sufficient for us to state, that “the lively dance, kept up with good humour, was only surpassed in the introduction of such proofs of genius as tended to *enliven* the intellect, as well (O bathos!) as to engage the attention.” Nurtured in such a school, it is no wonder that the youthful Richard should gather early inspiration, and become as it were a mighty bard, whose fancies could not admit of restraint: thus he says:—“Those who have had the pleasure to spend the evening of the fourteenth of February beneath the roof of Mrs. Cobbold, will speak that truth, upon which at present I must at least curb my fiery pen.” A fine image this last! “Curb a fiery pen” is Miltonic; but, minutely tracing the causes of his wonderful talents to their effects, the writer further informs us, that he, though inferior in “the *Arts Poeticæ*, with no other encouragement than the *daring impulse* of his own mind, *quietly sat* to work a year after his parent’s decease, and executed one hundred original drawings: he wrote *appropriate* lines thereto, but being unable to do two at once, he had the labour of copying his own works. With a disinclination to imitate any one else, inherent in him from his earliest infancy, he could neither revert to his parent’s style, nor to her designs; but feeling within him the full force of pleasure to consist in originality, he pursued the bent of his own inclination. This led him to study

Between the Questions, such the sport

That entertain’d my hand:—

Forgive me, Senators, my fort

Ye could not understand:—

Or, if ye could, accept the puff,

‘Twould seem to you but idle stuff.”

May we not add, from another of these precious compositions (page 85)—

“Many books of ancient schools

Make their readers *stupid* *fools*.”

life, to consider human nature, to view feeling in the heart as the ground-work of all writing, whether of poetry or prose. For the present year, he resolved upon etching with his pen the designs of his observation and reflection, in lithography, that a book might be formed, which some beyond his native place might condescend to appreciate. Without any assistance from others he has accomplished the present work; and though well aware of its inferiority, yet being something new, he trusts that it will be looked upon, by some at least, as a praiseworthy production. No more copies are struck off than will just enable him to defray the expenses of the publication, and assist him to encourage native talent in others. His bread is already earned by the labours of an industrious parent, to whom no words of gratitude, but the feeling alone of his own heart, must speak the sensation of delight.” Several sources of gratification will occur to the benevolent readers of the foregoing quotation: first, from being assured that the author *quietly sat* to work; secondly, that the poetry is appropriate to the designs; thirdly, that nothing of the same sort was ever done by a human being before; and fourthly, that he who has done it now has luckily no need to earn his own bread.

Of the appropriate poetry, however, it now behoves us to speak, and we go to its consideration with proportionate anxiety.

The first poem is the *Farewell*, and its picture-theme (the pictures being as *droppings* pieces of composition and execution as ever were seen), a sailor stepping into a boat, while his sweetheart is “blubbering ashore;” and the next is the *Happy Return* of the same individual, who is represented taking a kind of extraordinary fly from the bow into the arms of a lady somewhat stouter than the Swiss Giantess. Happiness on a larger scale could not require the toils of an Admiral of the Fleet. This magnificent creature, this plenitude of delight, sings accordingly—

“O welcome, my love! thou art come! thou art come!

My heart is delighted, my lover is home;

‘Tis this I have sigh’d for, have pray’d for in fear,

My sailor’s return! ah! my sailor is dear.

O come to my heart then! for ever be dear!

Thou honest brave sailor, my heart says, ‘What cheer?’

He leaps from the boat to the shingle once more,

Ah! happy return for the maid on the shore.”

The next piece is a boat hunt, and, we are inclined to believe, an allegory: it begins thus, powerfully reminding us of the author’s peculiar quality:

“A NON-THOU ROSE, of savage kind:

Fierce, wild, and terribly inclin’d

To scour the country, and lay waste

Whatever herbs were good and chaste.”

The description of the hounds shews much fertility of fancy and invention—

“Heedless, but a pup,

The boar attacked him—ript him up.”

A fate we are rejoiced to find is not awarded to—

“Spencer, Milton, Shakespeare, Scott,

Dogs of Spirit without spot.

These and others brave and bold,

Deserving merit, kept their hold.”

A *Snake in the Grass*, which is lithographed biting a horse’s leg, leads to the following beautiful moral:—

“But tremble he

Who lurks at venom’d serpent in the grass,

To catch an innocent confiding lass.”

The *Oposition* sets out with a dogma we cannot so entirely approve—for it says

“In parliament as well as love

Is opposition good!”

* We are afraid this is no lapse, for the author writes

“O quickly come, ye days, when Christmas shows

The field of battle in the field of Love.”

which we consider to be flat heresy against Cupid; but the author soon leaves the point for the Ipswich Highflyer (opposition coach); and aggravates our national pride by proclaiming, as if with the guard's horn—

"The chariot of ancient day,
Could never go it in this way."

Thus, whatever the subject, throughout the whole Hundred, *goes it* in prime style, and elicits such graces, such pathos, such sublimities, as no preceding poet ever dreamt of, far less embodied. We wish we could quote them all; but, alas! we must be satisfied with here a dip and there a dip; sure, however, that, like little Jack Horner, wherever we put in our thumb, we must pull out a plum. The *Two Spaniels* is not at all like Burns's *Two Dogs*; the *Herdman* is a higher flight:—

"Greet the Herdman, happy swains,
Greet him all ye faithful yeomen:
Sweet contentment has no pains,
Be content with peaceful omen."

The Chaining of Mr. Gooch is a fine Valentine; but the *Public Dinner*, though satirical, is yet more striking: witness for us the ladies toasted from the chair.

"No sooner said, than one and all arise,
And, hip! hip! hurrah! their joy impies,
Such rappings,appings,appings,appings,appings,appings,
One burst of tumult their affection tells.
Who ever sees, with contemptive eye,
Such gentle, elegant *stately*,
And does not join it! Sure the ladies must
Be highly flattered, with the noise and dust
On such occasions raised."

In the *Geologist* we pitch upon one of the sublimities—if it perplexes our capacity by its deep philosophy, we cannot help it.

"How oft my sight
Has been the searcher, with no mean delight,
Breaking the mass of silice, or of clay;
My ears have heard his descent on his prey,
With much of interest; I've seen his eye
Glisten in midst of a discovery.
Methought me often, could the same intent
On man's improvement would mortals find,
What great discoveries would mortals find,
In making scientific, human kind.
But man is clay: his properties, thy own,
Require deep study to proclaim them known;
His composition is so strangely full
Of varied matter, that no common rule—
Except this one, that from no common rule—
He is the most inexplicable earth—
Will serve for guidance. Yet there is a way
By which he may be known; and science may
Be greatly benefited by this plan,
If every man would study, each, his man.
For surely thus, *Geologist's* would prove,
The matrix of all matter must be Love."

In the *Ennuyé* the pathetic prevails: a poor lady is crying on a sofa—

"O what are men?"

and she then particularises her own case:—

"One man, whom nature graced,
And Virtue seem'd to nestle in his heart;
One man, from memory O'er defaced,
Who acted strangely, a deceiver's part.
This line, if conscience makes the guilty start,
May chance to strike him; he was all to me,
And now, though all, as nothing he must be.
How long I suffer, or am doom'd to live!
How long I sorrow, till in earth I lie!
How long I wearily must weep! I'd give
To-day with pleasure could I wish to fly
From earth to Heaven; but it must not be,
I am not fit—a wretched Ennuyé."

But the most pitiful of all the strains is one entitled the *Midnight Tale*, which telleth of "Young Allan" finding a drooping fair and comforting her. The whole is so exquisite, that we will copy it as a perfect sample of the author.

"Young Allan wandered by the Orwell's wave:—
"Twas night, the moon was breaking from the bound
Of white clouds, sweeping o'er the sky concave,
And shed her lustre o'er the scene around:
The stars were twinkling, and the croaking sound
Of frogs saluted, and the owlet's cry,
And hark and there was sparkling on the ground
The glow-worm's light, but something else was nigh—
He saw a female seated and immovably."

She did not start—she neither moved nor wept,
Her hand no token of dismay express;
She saw and heeded not, but silence kept,
A sigh alone escaping from her breast,
Bespoke a spirit heavily depressed;
She sat regardless, seeming to be lost
In maze of wonder, while her simple vest,
By passing gale, flap lightly as it tost.
Her did young Allan thus in feeling words accost:—

"O maiden, why thus sadly dost thou sit,
In mood of sorrow, on the Orwell's shore?
Hast aught afflicted thee? O tell me it,
Alike our troubles we may both deplore.
O maiden tell me!—We shall meet no more—
To-morrow's dawn will see me far away
From this my birth-place, swiftly passing o'er,
To land less lov'd, the vast America:
Why this distress? O lovely maiden, confidently say."

She turn'd her dark eyes from the sparkling wave,
And look'd on Allan. "Can the world possess,
Or sorrow such another victim have,
As her thou look'st upon? O yes! O yes!
The world has many. Yet the world's distress
On me sits heavy. Seest thou yonder town?
How sleeps the being, I can hardly guess,
Who won my heart, yet never gave his own,
False is he now, unfeeling, cruel, haughty grown."

Whenever he saw me, he would look and smile,
Attentive be, and try ten thousand ways
To make me feel an interest the while.
In all he did; no words of mortal praise
Could speak such pleasure as his anxious gaze;
Where'er he saw me, ah! no matter where,
His countenance would brighten with amaze,
And tell a secret; but he pass'd me ere,
And takes no notice, leaves me, drives me to despair."

O leave me, leave me, never mind my lot!
"I cannot leave thee till thou tell'st his name."
"His name! O no! a traitor I am not,
I would not sully his increasing fame.
Yet here she sigh'd, unwilling to proclaim,
And yet breath'd softly as the Poet's spell:
"His name!—his name!—his name! O why for shame!
His name is — I yet, I wish him well!"
Young Allan told me who it was. I must not tell."

And here check we the inclination to extend our review, only adverting to one other poem, the *Critic*, in which Mr. Cobbold, by a masterly touch, anticipates his literary glories. The *Critic*, in the print, is seen with a nice girl in a speckled gown, looking most graciously on his sweet face; while in confusion at his feet are littered about a number of papers, inscribed "Promise to pay £—" "A brace of pheasants." "Turkey from the Author." [goose would be more appropriate], &c. &c. Now, this is bringing the business of criticism home to every one's heart and bosom; and a poet capable of such noble conceptions, however imperfectly executed, demands the utmost encouragement which a grateful Reviewer can bestow. He need not fear any harm or harsh remark; the £'s promised, the pheasants on their way, the turkey absolutely sent—shall be his passports to fame everlasting. Why should he breathe such doubts as these?—

"But my life is before him! Methinks I spy
The significant glance of his critical eye!
These Cobboldian Verses, what pride and what stuff:
Sure the man must be mad! I have read quite enough:
Neither metre nor wit, neither wisdom nor rhyme:
To pursue the perusal is losing my time—
All the drawings are bad; the designs, for their parts,
Prove the Poet no Artist, if Master of Arts."
But methinks I spy now a creature of grace,
With a word on her lips, and a smile on her face:
"Come, sir, come, you're severity's self, my dear Crit!
You must own there's some point, if you call it not wit.
The designs, you remember, pray don't be demure,
Are not done by an Artist, a mere Amateur."

Ah! sly Mr. Cobbold! mighty Homer of Ipswich;† man of pound notes, poultry, and game! to thee every critic shall do homage—to do thee honour every reviewer strive. Thy name shall reach the year Ten Thousand and One, whatever befalls this globe; and Valentine Verses shall never be dissociated from the

* Sic in original.
† Seven cities contended for the honour of having given birth to the ancient Homer; but see the superiority of modern times—there is one town in England which furnishes a hard work of such phraseology as the following:

COBBLED memory! The borough of Ipswich, brightening with thy lustre, shall be visited by pilgrims more numerous and devout than ever trod the muddy canal-bank of Stratford-upon-Avon. The Church shall rejoice in thee her greatest son [for we really think thou beatest the Chaplain of the Oxford trip]; and bishops, when imposing hands on holy heads, will say—
"Mayst thou be an ornament to us, like the Lord Mayor's,"†, or even like the hard of Ipswich." Child of song: immortal artist: heavenly genius: adieu.

Count de Segur's Memoirs, &c. Vol. 3.

OUR last Gazette having served to explain the character of this volume, and exemplify the nature of its contents, we have now only to proceed with the sequel of the latter pleasant critical duty, by quoting further curious anecdotes and descriptions of Catherine's memorable journey into the Crimea. The following is a very striking feature of that journey:—

"Kaniëff (says the historian) was the place destined for the interview between Stanislas and Catherine; they had both been remarkable twenty-five years ago for their grace and beauty, and both, since that time, were no less changed in their appearance than in their sentiments. When the Prince de Ligne and myself were on the point of witnessing this theatrical recognition, in which policy had a far greater share than affection, we could not help laughing at the grief and jealousy the young favourite experienced, or pretended to experience, at the prospect of a *tit-a-tit* so foreign to love; for it was evident that Stanislas, finding his throne weak and tottering, had been induced by fear and interest alone, to solicit, from his haughty protectress, the favour of a temporary re-union, and that this meeting had been granted on the score of decency. I never saw the empress more agreeable than on the first day of our navigation; the dinner was very gay; we were delighted to leave the dull town of Kiof, where we had been blockaded by the ice for three months. Spring refreshed and enlivened us; the beauty of the weather, the magnificence of our fleet, the grandeur of the river,

* A sort of pilot-balloon to Mr. Cobbold's unparalleled production was previously despatched from this highly favoured and doubly blessed town. It reached us in the following shape: and, indeed, found its way into the *Times* newspaper:—
"Extraordinary Talents discovered.—A poor self-educated shipwright, of the name of John Cordingley, a native of the town of Ipswich, on the banks of the Orwell, has recently been found to possess the most brilliant powers of composition in prose and verse."

To this balloon was tacked, like a tail to a kite, a copy of verses, only inferior to Mr. Cobbold's own—something about holiday making, thus:—

"Merry lasses, sportive lads,
Nodding mothers, quaffing duds;
Friendly faces, passions pure,
Frollic's revel, follies lure;
Pleasure's transport—all delight
And give the order of the night.
Pleasant stories, gracious hints,
Slight distraction, partial diets,
Current news, Greek or Turk,
Neighbour ladies handy work;
Music spreading magic pomp;
Cards and playthings for the age,
From infant chick to hoary age;
Dances, romps, country reels,
Ghosts, glee, trills, merry peals;
Goblins and goblins, thin and tall,
Wolves and rabbits on the wall;
Hunt the slipper, seize the dragons,
Quench the lights, and drain the flagons.
Fortune-telling, words to cheat;
Fancies strange, the brains to heat;
Then the forfeits—O—a hiss!
Nancy won't give Jaron a kiss
Pocahontas join on Friday's tide,
For 'tis only Christmas Tide."

† Query—Have not you missed a word, David?

constant motion, the joy manifested by the multitude of spectators who ran along the banks, the military and Asiatic mixture presented to our view by the various costumes of thirty different nations; in short, the certainty of daily beholding new and curious objects, so awakened and excited our imaginations, that they seemed to travel even faster than we did.

"The artillery of the fleet and of the town announced the arrival of the two monarchs. Catherine sent several of her officers of state, in an elegant shallop, to salute the King of Poland. That prince, in order to avoid all embarrassing etiquette, and wishing to preserve an *incognito* not altogether compatible with so much splendour, said to them: 'Gentlemen, the King of Poland has desired me to introduce to you the Count Poniatowski.' When he had ascended the imperial galley, we pressed in a circle around him, anxious to witness the first emotions and to hear the first words of these illustrious personages, under circumstances so different from those under which they had formerly been seen, when they were united by love, separated by jealousy, and pursued by hatred. But our expectations were almost entirely disappointed; for, after a mutual salutation, grave, cold, and dignified, Catherine having given her hand to Stanislas, they entered a cabinet, where they remained shut up for half an hour. As soon as this *à-côté* was over, their majesties rejoined us; and, as we had not been able to hear them, we endeavoured to read their thoughts in their features; but the light clouds which rested on their countenances rendered our attempt difficult enough. On the side of the empress there was a cloud of embarrassment and unusual restraint; and, in the eyes of the king, a certain expression of sadness which an affected smile could not entirely conceal. That prince now came and spoke in an obliging manner to all those amongst us whom he knew; the empress presented the others to him. I was received very graciously by him. Every thing had been so arranged as not to leave a vacant moment in a day, which both sides, perhaps, equally wished to shorten. We soon embarked in handsome boats, to go on board the galley where the entertainment was to be given. It was of the most sumptuous, delicate, and elegant description. The empress had on her right hand the king, and on her left the ambassador Cobenzel. Prince Potemkin, Mr. Fitzherbert, and I, were placed opposite to their majesties. Little was eaten and little was said; people looked about them a great deal, listened to the fine music, and drank to the health of the king, amidst a grand salute of cannon. On rising from the table, the king took from the hands of a page the gloves and the fan of the empress, and presented them to her. He then looked for, and could not find his hat; the empress, seeing it, had it brought to her, and gave it to him. 'Ah! madam,' said Stanislas, on receiving it, 'you formerly gave me a much finer one.' We now returned to the imperial galley. The party remained but a short time together, and nothing remarkable occurred. The king re-embarked at eight o'clock, and returned to Kanief. As soon as it was dark, the hill of Kanief glowed with fires; a winding ditch had been hollowed out on its sides, and filled with combustible materials. When they were set on fire, they looked like the lava of a volcano, and the resemblance was the more striking, as, at the same moment, an explosion of a hundred thousand fire-works, on the top of the hill, made the very atmo-

sphere appear as if inflamed; and the effect was heightened by the reflection of the burning scene in the waters of the Borysthenes. Our fleet also was magnificently illuminated, so that at this time there was no night in our horizon. The king having invited us all, we availed ourselves of his invitation. He gave a superb ball, but the empress would not go to it. Stanislas had in vain entreated her to prolong her stay for twenty-four hours; the time for favours was gone by with him. Catherine told him that she feared that by this delay she might keep the emperor waiting, who was to meet her at Kherson."

The arrival of the Emperor Joseph, just alluded to, gives rise to a number of interesting passages, from which we shall make some characteristic selections. Sailing down the Borysthenes or Dnieper, the court reached Kremenitchuk on the 10th of May; and the count relates—

"The dullness of our residence at Kioff, the severity of the season, and, above all, the discontent of Marshal Romanzoff, had rather lamped the natural gaiety of Catherine. On landing at Kremenitchuk, a very different scene presented itself to our view; the spring, giving new life to nature, imparted to all around an air of cheerfulness, and the freshness of the early verdure rendered even the marshes an agreeable object. A mansion of large extent, built and arranged according to the taste of the empress; an English garden, into which the magic of Prince Potemkin had caused trees of extraordinary size to be transplanted, at great expense; a charming prospect, varied by wood, water, and flowers; twelve thousand men newly armed and equipped; all the nobility of the government assembled, and richly dressed; a collection of merchants from all parts of the empire; and, besides all this, the pleasure of being in motion after three months of inactivity, with that also of advancing towards the close of the extraordinary journey which had fixed the attention of all Europe: these were the preludes to the novel scenes of which I was about to be a witness. The satisfaction of Catherine, nourished every day by new and exciting objects, was manifest to every one. Prince Potemkin, always and in every thing extraordinary, shewed himself as active in his governments, as he was indolent at Petersburg."

Military and other grand fêtes rapidly succeeded each other; till at length, in consequence of learning that the emperor was approaching, the empress disembarked, got into a carriage, and hastened to meet him. They did meet near the solitary house of a cossack, and "there (continues the author) they stayed a few hours, and then set out together for Kaydak, where we rejoined them the following morning, the 19th of May. As the empress had been in such a hurry as not to take any of her attendants with her, there was no considerable difficulty in getting dinner for the two great sovereigns. Prince Potemkin, General Branitski, and the Prince of Nassau, whom the latter had conveyed in his carriage to Kaydak, at length prepared a repast, which was partaken of with much gaiety, but was as detestable as might have been expected from such noble cooks. We remained at Kaydak the whole of the 19th, awaiting the arrival, not of all our fleet, for many of the vessels had run hard and fast aground, but at least of those which carried the men and things which were indispensable for the continuation of the journey. On the 20th, we encamped two leagues off, under two tents, at the place where the

empress intended to build Ekaterinoslaw. Mass was performed in the imperial tent; their majesties, in the presence of the archbishop, laid the foundation-stone of the church of that new capital, the situation of which is extremely pleasant."

New and magnificent entertainments followed; but the notices of the distinguished personages who partook of them, will, we think, be more acceptable to readers.

"In the evening, when the empress had dismissed her court, the emperor, being desirous of profiting by the beauty of the evening, took my arm, left the camp, and had a long walk upon the immense meadows, whose boundary the eye could not trace. At the sight of some camels, and of some Tartar shepherds wandering on the plain; 'What a singular journey!' exclaimed the prince, 'and who would have dreamt of seeing me with Catherine the Second, and the ministers of France and England, wandering in the desert of the Tartars! It is altogether a new page in history.' 'It appears to me,' I replied, 'rather like a page from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and that I am walking with the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, who, according to his custom, is disguised.' A few minutes afterwards, the emperor stopped suddenly, and rubbed his eyes. 'In truth,' he said, 'I do not know whether I am awake, or whether your allusion to the Arabian Nights' Entertainments has enchanted me,—but look on this side.' I turned my head, and was struck with astonishment by the same object which had excited his surprise. In fact, at about two hundred paces from us, we beheld a large, high, and immense tent, which was proceeding along the grass, altogether by itself. Notwithstanding the height of the grass, both of us ran swiftly, in order that we might the better distinguish this singular phenomenon. The tent: soon stopped, and we saw a body of thirty Kalmouks come out of it. The emperor desired me to enter, and having jokingly made some signs to the Kalmouks, they followed me, and lowered the covering which closed the entrance to the tent, so that I found myself their prisoner. The whole thing was then explained to me. These tents are constructed in this manner: with laths they make a kind of trellis-work, of which they form a circular railing four feet high, surmounted or crowned by a circle of wood, which makes a species of wainscot about breast high. Upon this wainscot, great laths, of thirty feet in length, are raised; at their summit, a little circle of wood hinders them from falling together, and all these laths are secured by fastenings of leather. An immense covering, composed of camel hair, is thrown over the whole, and it descends as far as the ground. They raise up parts of this covering on the side from which they have no fear either of the wind or the sun. In the tent there are other coverings made of the same material, which serve for beds and sofas. At the top there is an opening which answers for a chimney. Thirty men can live conveniently in each of these tents, and the flocks feed around them. When they decamp, they take off the covering, remove the fastenings, pack all the laths in bundles, and place the whole upon a waggon. But, when they wish merely to change their situation a little, in order to give fresh pasturage, then, without at all decomposing the tent, the Kalmouks, who are inside, turn all in the same direction, lift up the railing, and so march away with their light dwelling. It was exactly this manoeuvre which had caused our great surprise, when we saw

the tent moving, apparently without being either carried or drawn by any man or animal. When they had thus made me take a short walk of some paces with them, I recovered my liberty, and found the emperor, who laughed heartily at my imprisonment. He himself went into the tent, and agreed with me in thinking, that, for those who were accustomed to it, such a dwelling was convenient, and extremely well calculated to shelter them from the rigour of all seasons. The next day we arrived at Perekop, a narrow isthmus which separates the Black Sea from the sea of Azoff."

"The emperor, while he laughed at the faults of Prince Potemkin, could well account for the influence which he possessed over Catherine. 'But I cannot conceive,' said he to me one day, 'how a woman so proud, and so careful of her glory, can shew such a weak indulgence to the caprices of her young aide-de-camp Mamonoff, who is really nothing better than a spoilt child. I cannot express how much I was annoyed at an absurdity of conduct which you must have remarked, as well as myself: several times, and particularly at Kherson, in presence of an extensive circle, or more properly speaking, in public, she admitted him to her own waist table, with the most important personages: in addition to which, she quietly permitted this young man, in a fit of absence of mind, to take the chalk with which, in Russia, they mark the points, and make use of it in drawing figures and landscapes on the cloth, while all were waiting motionless, and with their eyes cast down, for the termination of this childish amusement, in order to resume their game.' The observation was just: Catherine, whose character was infinitely more gentle and condescending than those imagined who did not know her intimately, carried, perhaps, to an extreme her indulgent kindness towards the caprices of Prince Potemkin, the follies of her grand-querrier, and the fits of absence to which Mamonoff was subject. But this critical reflection lost much of its force in the mouth of the person who made it; for, too eager himself to please Catherine, he lavished on the young favourite continual marks of kindness and consideration; and, enduring even the whimsical haughtiness of Prince Potemkin, he allowed himself, like other courtiers of the empress, to be kept waiting for his appearance in the saloon without complaining."

* One anecdote displays more of the better part of Catherine's character. "I was near her (says Segur) when the arrival of one of these governors who had been as culpably negligent, was announced. 'I hope,' said Count Seabrodok, 'that your majesty will address to him publicly the severe reprimand which he merits.' 'No,' replied Catherine, 'that would be too humiliating; I shall wait till he is alone with me; for I love to praise and reward in public, and to rebuke in private.'" The anecdote illustrates the objects of her ambition. "Prussia and England manifested clearly their opposition to the ambitious views of Russia, and every thing gave me reason to believe that the empress, more prudent than her favourite minister, wished for the present to avoid a war, and that she had resolved to delay, till some future opportunity, the execution of her real and extensive project, the end of which was, not to take possession of Constantinople, but to add Moldavia and Wallachia to all her other recent conquests; and, after forming the whole into a new Grecian empire, to place the crown on the head of young Constantine."—"The imagination of Catherine could not remain inactive. Thus her plans were rather precipitate than well digested; and it was manifest that this precipitation destroyed in the end a part of the creations of her genius. She wished, at one and the same time, to form a middle class, to admit foreign commerce, to introduce manufactures, to establish credit, to increase paper money, to raise the exchanges, to lower the interest of money, to build cities, to create academies, to people deserts, to cover the Black Sea with numerous squadrons, to annihilate the Tartars, to invade Persia, to continue progressively her conquests from the Turks, to fetter Poland, and to extend her influence over the whole of Europe. There was so

At Arbar the count mentions another curious situation:—

"Mr. Fitzherbert and I (he says) were lodged in one of those Tartar tents, of which I have already given a description. The Russians were astonished at beholding an English and a French minister, in spite of the rivalry of their two countries, and the opposition of their interests, united in the most sincere friendship: it would have been impossible to blame the one, without the other's taking up his defence. The empress was amused with so extraordinary a friendship; and she, doubtless, took occasion to heighten her diversion, by arranging that we should sleep in the same tent, and write upon the same table despatches of perfectly opposite characters."

Our next quotation affords a remarkable illustration of national manners. At Theodosia, the utmost limit of the expedition, the count tells the story.

"When on the point of leaving these despicable ruins, I had a singular adventure, which, however, I should not have thought of relating, had it not appeared well adapted to give a just notion of manners in a country where slavery exists, and at the same time of the originality which characterised Prince Potemkin. We were just going to commence our journey, the empress was already in her carriage, and I was hastily descending the steps of her palace to join her, when, all of a sudden, there appeared before me a young woman, dressed in the Asiatic fashion. Her size, her gait, her eyes, her forehead, her mouth, in short, all her features, presented, with inconceivable accuracy, the perfect image of my wife. Surprise rendered me motionless. I doubted whether I was awake; I believed for a moment that Madame de Segur was really come from France in search of me, and that they had taken pleasure in concealing the event, and preparing for me this unexpected meeting: the imagination travels quickly, and I was in the country of wonders. In the mean time, Prince Potemkin, seeing me stand like a statue, called to me in vain, and ran to tell me that the empress was waiting for me. The young woman withdrew, and my too short dream was broken; I related it in a few words to the prince. 'Is the resemblance, then, so complete?' said he. I answered that it was 'perfect and incredible.' 'Well, then,' replied he, laughing, '*batushka* (a familiar and friendly expression), this young Circassian belongs to a man who will allow me to dispose of her as I think proper, and as soon as we arrive at Petersburg, I will make you a present of her.' I thanked him, but added, 'I shall not accept your offer; I think such a proof of sentiment would appear very strange to Madame

common undertakings, either in difficulty or extent; and although there was undoubtedly much to do in a country so new to civilisation, the actual success would have been much greater, had fewer objects been attempted at a time, or if, at least, all projects of conquest had been renounced, and attention had been directed exclusively to internal prosperity, the only true glory of sovereigns. As it was, Catherine already enjoyed some of the fruits of her labours. The mildness of her reign favoured the rapid increase of the population; many manufactures had made progress; agriculture extended daily; the schools which had been founded, were gradually softening the manners, and augmenting the intelligence of the people; the tribunals began to decide fairly, and according to law, in all cases where persons of too great power were not concerned; slavery was mitigated; the rights granted to the nobility of meeting, electing their own syndics and judges, and addressing their complaints to the throne, imparted some activity to the landed proprietors, accustomed them to business, prepared useful instruments for the government, and prevented the two capitals of Russia from impoverishing the empire by engrossing within themselves industry, riches, and consumption."

de Segur.' We separated, and I thought all was over: but some time afterwards, the prince convinced me that he was piqued at my refusal; he attributed it to a false delicacy, which prevented me from receiving a present from him. 'I will prove that you are mistaken,' I said to him, 'by accepting any other present which you may be pleased to offer me.' He took me at my word, and, on his return to the capital, after the taking of Oczakoff, he gave me a young Kalmuc child, named Nagun; the most original Chinese little figure that could be seen. I took care of him for a long time, and I taught him to read; but when I returned to France, the Countess de Cobenzel, who was very much amused with him, pressed me so earnestly to give him to her, that I consented."

Having confined ourselves to a single portion of this interesting publication, we must now leave it to its fortune with the public, which cannot fail to be auspicious. The latter pages grow in political importance; and throughout there are many descriptive and topographical pictures, besides anecdotes and incidents, which will amply reward the reader for adding a knowledge of these details from the work itself, though we have been obliged to omit them, and devote ourselves to the still more curious traits which the author has developed of Catherine, her contemporaries, her ministers, her generals, and her favourites.

Buckingham's Travels in Mesopotamia.

OUR second notice of this work is necessarily very limited; but will serve to illustrate the varieties of Mr. Buckingham's Travels.

"The Turcomans on the borders of Turkey, seem to hold the same position as the Bedouins on the borders of Syria. They dwell chiefly in the plains south of the range of Mount Taurus, and extend from the sea-coast, near Antioch, to the borders of the Euphrates. They are, however, more wealthy than the Arabs, from having richer pastures, and more numerous flocks, and from being cultivators, as well as shepherds. They are, therefore, also more fixed in their stations, and live both in tents and in villages. There are among them peculiar tribes, as among the Arabs, some remaining almost stationary, and others mounted on fleet mares, scouring the plains, and living more by depredations on caravans, and even on single passengers, than by agriculture or pastoral labours."

Of the manners and feelings of this people, retained, as it appears, from very remote times, the following is an interesting example:—

"Two young persons of the same tribe loved each other, and were betrothed in marriage: their passion was open and avowed, and known to all their friends, who had consented to their union, and even fixed the period for its celebration. It happened, one evening, that they met, accidentally, alone, but in sight of all the tents: they stopped a moment to speak to each other; and were on the point of passing on, when the brothers of the girl perceiving it, rushed out, with arms in their hands, to avenge their disgrace. The young man took to flight, and escaped with a musket-wound; but the poor girl received five balls in her body, besides being mangled by the daggers of her own brothers, who had aimed to plunge them in her heart; and when she fell, they abandoned her carcass to the dogs! The young man gained the tent of a powerful friend, the chief of another tribe encamped near them, and told his story; begging that he

would assist him with a troop of horse, to enable him to rescue the body of his love from its present degradation. He went, accompanied by some of his own people, and found life still remaining. He then repaired to the tent of her enraged brothers, and asked them why they had done this? They replied, that they could not suffer their sister to survive the loss of her honour, which had been stained by her stopping to talk with her intended husband, on the public road, before her marriage. The lover demanded her body for burial; when her brothers, suspecting the motive, exclaimed 'What, is she not yet lifeless?—then we will finish this work of death;' and were rushing out to execute their purpose, when the youth caused the troop of horsemen, sent to aid his purpose, to appear, and threatened instant death to him who should first stir to interrupt his design. The young girl was conveyed to his tent, and, after a series of kind attentions slowly recovered. During her illness, the distracted lover, now expelled from his own tribe, came, under cover of the night, to see her; and, weeping over her wounds, continually regretted that he had been so base as to seek his safety in flight, and not to have died in defending her. She as heroically replied, 'No! no! It is my highest happiness that I have suffered, and that you have escaped; we shall both live, and Heaven will yet bless us with many pledges of our lasting love.' This really happened; the girl recovered, was married to her impassioned swain, and they are still both alive, with a numerous family of children. So romantic a tale of love, jealousy, revenge, fidelity, and heroism, would have been incredible, were it not that all the parties were known to Mr. Maseyk, who related it; that he did so in the presence of many other persons born in Aleppo, and acquainted, by report, with the fact; and that the veracity of the narrator may be regarded as unquestionable."

At Beer (or Bir), the traveller crossed the Euphrates, and tells us of the river at that place:

"There is, at present, no communication by water from Beer, either up or down the Euphrates; partly from the want of proper boats, and the unskillfulness of the people to build them, and partly from the banks being, on both sides, occupied by tribes of Arabs often at war among themselves, and always in hostilities against strangers who pass that way. The stream is called Shat-el-Fraat, from its source in the mountains of Armenia, until its junction with the Tigris, below Bagdad; when they are jointly called Shat-el-Arab, or the river of the Arabs, to its outlet into the sea."

But, perhaps, the reader will enjoy a more lively gratification in perusing the narrative where it details the mode of life imposed on those who sojourn in these countries. At one place, the author relates:

"As we were now reduced to our own resources, our supper consisted of boiled wheat, warm bread, baked on a fire of camels' dung and steeped in clear melted butter, and some wild herbs, gathered from among the grass around us. This was followed by a pipe and a cup of coffee; and afterwards about an ounce of brown sugar, made into a round hard cake, was served to us out of a little tin case. This was the travelling fare of one of the richest merchants of Mousul, who had property to the amount of ten or fifteen thousand pounds sterling in money and goods embarked in the present caravan, and who every night fed, from his own table, not less than twenty poor pilgrims, besides his own immediate dependants."

Again, at the city of Orfah:

"It was before sunset that we assembled at the house of a green-turbaned descendant of the Prophet, to the number of about thirty persons. We were received in a very handsome room, with gilded ceiling, carpeted divans, furnished with silk cushions, and other marks of the occupier's wealth. Among our party were the two Indian fakirs, who knew their interest too well ever to desert their patron, so that they constantly hung about his person. These men, clad in a bundle of loose rags, scarcely holding together, though bound with many cords and threads, and swarming with vermin, from their never having changed their garments, or perhaps washed their bodies, for the last three years, were seated among the rest along the sofa, and served with exactly the same attention as others of the company. This practice of admitting the ragged and dirty to an equal place with the well-clad and clean,—as well as that of suffering the servants of the house to sleep on the divan at night, which equally prevails among the Turks,—occasions the houses of the rich to be almost as subject to vermin as those of the poor. It is thus by no means rare to see the most wealthy and polite among them arrest the crawling intruder in his march over their benishes; and, rather than defile their nails by killing it on them, as is the practice with the poor in Spain and Portugal, they usually blow it off into the middle of the room! They say that they themselves thus remain clean, and there is but a chance at least of the little crawler's ever reaching them again; whereas, though the practice of killing it at once renders that impossible, yet, in their estimation, this act is in itself too grossly shocking to decency to be permitted. Our supper was served on a large metal salver, highly ornamented with Arabic devices and inscriptions, and containing at least forty dishes; the central one of which was, as usual, a pilau, and the surrounding ones stewed meats, fruits, and various made-dishes. Among our drinks were, iced milk and lebben; a fine iced sherbet, made with honey, cinnamon-water, and spices; and the iced juice of pomegranates of the last year, diluted with water of roses; so that one could not regret the want of wine to crown the banquet. The napkin which surrounded the salver, so as to leave a portion large enough to cover the knees of all who sat before it, was of fine silk gauze, embroidered at the edges and ends, and was in one piece of six or eight yards long by a yard broad. Water was served to us in a silver cup, called in Arabic 'tassé,' and we washed afterwards over silver ewers. Our evening pipes and coffee were taken on the terrace of the house; which, being lofty, and seated nearly in the centre of the town, gave us a panoramic view of great extent and beauty."

"The chief personages who figured in this assembly were two Christians, returning, from the Easter festival at Jerusalem, to Mardin, called, by the Turks, Mokhodesy, and not Hadjee; these titles being derivative from the respective places visited. The names of these pilgrims were Eesa, or Jesus; and Abdallah, or the Slave of God. The names of Jesus and Mohammed are borne only by the followers of their respective prophets; but Abdallah is common both to Moslems and Christians, though less frequent among the latter, where it is sometimes replaced by the name of Abd-el-Messeah, or the Slave of the Messiah. Eesa was crowned with a high-pointed bonnet fringed at the edge, gilded on the sides, and adorned at the top with a bunch of small tink-

ling bells. Abdallah made a still more grotesque figure, as he was naked to the waist, and had contrived to decorate his head with coloured feathers and cotton wool, which, added to the blue stains, (the symbols of the holy pilgrimage,) with which his body and arms were covered, gave him an appearance somewhat between that of a savage Indian and an ancient Briton, as they are generally represented to us. To complete the resemblance, these men threw themselves into the wildest attitudes, like those of the aboriginal war-dance of America, and to as rude a music. The band was composed of a drummer, who beat with the palm and fingers of his hands on a large copper pan, turned bottom upwards, and a fifer, who blew into the upper end of a long cane, holding it as a clarinet, and using six stops, as in a flute. These produced, as may be imagined, no sweet or seductive sounds, though they were sufficiently musical to charm most of the party, who kept time by clapping their hands, as is commonly done in Egypt."

In this city, Mr. Buckingham visited a convent, of which his description is remarkable.

"Our supper was composed of several good dishes, and a bright moon was the lamp by which we ate. Towards its close, a cannon was discharged to announce the execution of a Janissary, that mode of proclaiming their death being an honour reserved for their class, as beheading is for the nobility in England, while inferior persons, not belonging to this class, are here sent out of life without such a formality. One of the priests having unfeelingly exclaimed, 'Ah! there is another child of the devil gone to his father's bosom,' was followed by seven others, saying, 'Al humd ulillah,' or 'Thanks be to God;' and all prayed rather for the destruction and utter rooting out of the Turks, than for their conversion to a purer faith. In this the patriarch did not actually join, nor did he, on the other hand, at all rebuke it. It led to a conversation of the most fanatic and blood-breathing kind, in which they seemed to pant only for an occasion to persecute their oppressors with more than tenfold return for injuries received. From the library of the patriarch, a sort of general history was then produced, describing in one volume the leading events of the world, from Adam down to the first taking of Jerusalem by the Mohammedans. This was written in the Arabic language, with the Syriac character, and called therefore 'Gurshonee'; as the Arabic and Syriac are distinct languages, having each a distinct character, while in this dialect they are both mixed together. From this book, some horrid details were read of the cruelties practised on the Christians; and it was then asked, 'What! if the occasion offers, shall we not revenge ourselves?' I answered, that the Head of that religion himself had said to his followers, 'Bless them that persecute you, pray for them that despitefully use you;' and, 'if thine enemy smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other; or if he take away thy cloak from thee, give unto him thy coat also.' All of them knew these passages of Scripture well enough, but said they applied only to personal injuries, and not to those inflicted on the cause of their holy faith; an interpretation which, however ingenious, served only to prove how pre-eminent are the feelings of our nature over doctrines and precepts intended to counteract them. The remainder of our evening was passed in theological disputes, as bitter as they could well be, though between members of the same church, and on points held to be unimportant, merely appa-

taining to faith and doctrine, uniformity in which is considered far less essential than in ceremonial rites; for all were considered by this party to be orthodox Christians, who made the cross and took the sacrament in the same manner with themselves, however much they might differ from them in other respects."

Here we must pause, though with the intention of resuming our review as early as possible.

Arwed Gyllensterna; a Tale of the Early Part of the Eighteenth Century. From the German of C. F. Vander Velde. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1827. Lloyd and Son.

This is a romance which well deserved the excellent translation it has found. Founding its interest on the affections—drawing its lessons from the failings of the human character—it is another argument against the sweeping censure which is now being rapidly withdrawn from the German school. Laid in the time of Charles XII., it presents a vivid picture of political crime and intrigue—relieved by other pictures of self-denial and devotedness. The great fault is, that the first and second volumes are in reality two distinct stories: the history of Christina is an interesting tale by itself; and the denouement, i. e. marriage, comes on so abruptly, after we had quite lost sight of the lady, that though it is perhaps but poetical justice to reward her faithful and long suffering, yet the two or three last seem to the reader unnecessary pages. Detached scenes—whose connexion together is the great excellence of their workmanship—do but little justice to the author; still the following is characteristic of the singular monarch it introduces.

"They proceeded in silence towards the royal apartment, the door of which was hastily thrown open, and discovered to Arwed's anxious eyes the sovereign he so much admired. He was standing before a table, upon which lay an open Bible, surrounded with heaps of papers, maps of Norway, and innumerable military plans; and from the excessive simplicity of his dress, a superficial observer might easily have mistaken him for a subaltern officer. He had on a plain blue surcoat, ornamented only with large flat buttons, and surmounted by a wide leathern belt, to which his sword was suspended; this, with a pair of military boots, completed his attire; his uncombed hair strayed in thin locks over his forehead; yet, notwithstanding these disadvantages, his tall and stately figure, commanding countenance, and intelligent blue eyes, formed a *tout-ensemble* so indescribably majestic, that Arwed had no difficulty in recognising him as the king, although there were two other princes in the presence-chamber covered with orders, embroidery, and ribbons. Charles was pointing with his finger to the map before him, and was exclaiming at that instant, in a tone of vexation, 'We ought to have gained more ground by this time, for the trenches were opened on the 4th!' 'Most undoubtedly,' replied Arwed's companion, 'and this ill-timed tardiness might well give rise to a suspicion, that the inspecting officer either would not or could not advance the works. But Colonel Megnet understands his profession, to say the worst of him.' 'I understand you, Ducker,' said Charles, haughtily; 'but remember in future never to speak ill of others in the presence of your king.' Ducker drew back in evident mortification, while the elder prince gazed on him with a scornful smile, and the younger fixed his eyes on Arwed with an

inquiring stare, which the young soldier felt little inclined to endure. The king, following the direction of his nephew's eyes, now for the first time perceived Arwed, and approaching a few steps nearer, inquired, with some degree of hesitation, who he was. 'I am a Swedish nobleman—Gyllensterna by name,' answered Arwed, 'and am come to serve my noviciate in arms under your majesty.' 'Are you a Count Gyllensterna?' inquired Charles, as he leant on his gigantic sword. Arwed answered in the affirmative, and the king, turning towards the elder prince, remarked, with a bitter smile, that the father was a determined supporter of the bat faction. 'Notwithstanding which he is full of zeal and loyalty both towards his king and country,' cried Arwed, 'which the actions of his son shall prove, if your majesty will but give him the opportunity.' 'I am now going to storm the Danish intrenchments at Guldenslowe,' said the king, smiling graciously, 'and you shall fight near me.' 'May God reward your majesty!' exclaimed Arwed, with uncontrollable delight, as he stooped to kiss the king's hand. Charles hastily drew back, to avoid a species of homage he disliked. At that moment Siquier entered the apartment, to inform the king that every thing was in readiness for the projected attack. The general was a Frenchman; his figure was tall and spare, and his intelligent countenance bore traces of worldliness and baleful passions. The king drew on his military gloves, and ejaculated, 'God be with us!' while Ducker observed, in a whisper, to the young duke, that many lives would be lost on the occasion. General Siquier, who overheard the remark, replied, carelessly, 'A great French general, under whom I formerly served, used to say before battle, 'If God will but remain neuter to-day, we will thresh the gentlemen well.' Indignant at the irreverent speech, Charles, who was already at the door, turned round, and answered contemptuously, 'It was spoken like a great fool, and not like a great general.' Mortified by the unexpected rebuke, Siquier withdrew in silence the king and his attendants."

As a whole, *Arwed Gyllensterna* is a stranger we bid hospitably welcome to England.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Anne Boleyn. By the Rev. H. H. Milman. 8vo. Second edition. London, J. Murray. We notice this new edition of Mr. Milman's dramatic poem, for the sake of doing that gentleman the justice of quoting his denial of being indebted in this composition to any other writer. Mr. M. says:—"The author of a tragedy, recently published under the same name, having pointed out some coincidences of expression between his drama and mine, I beg to state, most explicitly, that, previous to the publication of *Anne Boleyn*, I had never seen, either in MS. or print, any contemporary poem on the same subject." We must, therefore absolve Mr. Milman from every suspicion of having availed himself of the labours of another; and ascribe the curious resemblances between his drama and Mr. Grover's (see L. G. of last year, p. 772-3, where they were pointed out) to the common coincidence of two minds treating of the same historical characters and period.

Original Hymns and Moral Poems. By Richard Mathews and E. London. Pp. 108. London, Wightman and Cramp.

A VERY pretty little book for all good children—pleasing in its design, successful in its construction, and well calculated to inculcate gentle sympathies and piety.

Old English Sayings, Newly Expounded, in Prose and Verse. By Jefferys Taylor, Author of "Parlour Commentaries." 12mo. pp. 147. London, Wightman and Cramp. By short pieces, a number of old English sayings, such as, "A burnt child dreads the fire," "A wonder lasts but nine days," &c. are illustrated. Some of the little stories are pleasant enough; but the verse is only indifferent. The author displays in general good sense—his humorous attempts are the least successful; and his work may safely be put into the hands of either young or old.

Dictionnaire, ou Recueil Alphonique du Corrigé des Locutions Vicieuses, &c. Par G. J. Bertingchamp, A.B. 8vo. pp. 130. Paris, 1827, Lance; Pellicier: London, Baillière.

THE French scholar will obtain a good deal of insight into the distinctions and niceties of the language by consulting this useful volume.

Napoleon in the Other World. A Narrative written by himself; and found near his Tomb in the Island of St. Helena. By Xongotee-foh-tchi, Mandarin of the 3d Class. 8vo. pp. 406. London, 1827. H. Colburn.

SOME folks may think we have had enough of Buonaparte and his politics in this world, without following him to the other; while his partisans and admirers will, on the other hand, probably be of opinion, that he ought to be followed to the very—infernal regions. *Non nostrum tantas componere lites.* An idea may be formed of the nature of the work, when we state, that the posthumous Napoleon visits the abodes of the wicked and reprobate—sees monks, &c. as owls and flatterers, in a marsh as toads; that he goes to a great city called Politicopolis, where Cypriani is president, and meets there with many personages, ancient and modern; that he is then taken by the genius, his conductor, to the Gilt, and thence with Maury to the celestial region. In the Gilt division there is a long colloquy with Pauline, Schwartzenberg, Lord Castlereagh, and Mad. de Stael, to whom Napoleon makes a flaming speech, in which he predicts the elevation of his son to the throne of France and Italy. He then departs with Maury for the realms of the blest; but is so pleased with his late company, that he prevails on the angel to grant them promotion to the fields of the materialists.

N.B.—In the celestial sphere, Louis XVI. folds Buonaparte in his arms, and so does Josephine; while Lannes, Lassalle, Hoche, Duroc, Poniatowski, Labedoyère, Ney, Duverney, Dessaix, Malesherbes, &c. &c. are rendered more heavenly happy by the sight.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ANECDOTES,

Selected from the Earl of Bridgewater's Family Anecdotes; printed for private circulation.

I KNOW but one instance in which James the Second made a reply of wit and humour: after King William had landed, it was announced to James the Second, Sir, such a great lord has left you, and is gone over to King William. Prince George of Denmark exclaimed, *Est-il*

* The noble Earl is chiefly resident in Paris; and many of our readers may have heard or read of him. At all events, these eccentric recollections and anecdotes of remarkable persons cannot fail to be an agreeable feature in our Journal, derived as they are from so competent an authority. Lord B.'s rank afforded him peculiar opportunities for obtaining such information; and his fine folio volume whence they are taken, will probably be as much prized for them as for its rarity, though some of them are not altogether new.—Ed.

possible! Again was announced to James the Second, that another great lord had gone over to King William. *Est-il possible!* again exclaimed Prince George of Denmark: and so he did, always exclaiming *Est-il possible!* upon the defection of every great lord from James the Second. At length Prince George of Denmark left James the Second; and when his defection was announced to James the Second, James the Second said, What! is *Est-il possible* gone too!

Dr. Buckler, upon my leading the conversation to Blackstone, spoke to me much about him. He always represented him to me as cold and phlegmatic. Much of that part of his Commentaries that regards the laws of England, he told me, which Blackstone wrote in the morning before dinner, he found, upon revision after dinner, to require little or no alteration: but such parts of his Commentaries as are occupied by belles-lettres, or such as relate to the history of the laws of England, (as, for instance, the first chapter of Introduction, or the last chapters,) which he wrote in the morning before dinner, never could please him, on coming to revise them after dinner, when he retired from the "common room." He then scratched his pen here and there through several lines, and wrote them afresh, or obliterated them entirely. He altered, corrected, and amended, these chapters, to that form which they now bear.

My family connexion with John, the great Duke of Marlborough, has put me into possession of some traditional anecdotes concerning him, which are known but to few.

The Earl of Peterborough commanded in Spain and in Portugal, the Duke of Marlborough in Germany, &c. Lord Peterborough obtained the supplies of which he stood in need, thriftily, tardily, difficultly; to the duke was given whatever he desired, easily, speedily: in his service ran readily the court, the parliament, the ministry, the public opinion. One day, upon Lord Peterborough's temporary return, finding all his proposals, projects, recommendations taken *ad referendum*, and much disgusted withal, he threw himself into a sedan chair, drew the curtains at the sides as well as in front, in order to hide himself, that he might not be known or seen: the populace took up an idea that the person in the chair was the Duke of Marlborough: they gathered around it—"God bless the Duke of Marlborough!—God bless the Duke of Marlborough!"—"Gentlemen," said Lord Peterborough, pushing down one of the windows, "I am not the Duke of Marlborough."—"Oh, yes," said a spokesman of the multitude, "you are the Duke of Marlborough; we know you well enough."—"Gentlemen," said Lord Peterborough, "I am not the Duke of Marlborough. Let me down," he called out to his chairmen:—got out of the chair, and now standing: "I am not the Duke of Marlborough, I tell you; and I will give you two convincing proofs that I am not: one is, that I have but a single guinea," and he turned his pockets inside out: "the other is, that I give it you;" and he threw it among them.

Upon the eve of a great pitched battle, which was to be fought the ensuing morning, under the united command of the Duke of Marlborough and Francis Eugene of Savoy, (usually denominated Prince Eugene,) Prince Eugene came after dinner, by appointment, to the Duke of Marlborough, and settled with him, as he thought, all things relative to the battle of the next day. The Duke of Marlborough had taken up his head-quarters at a small house, which had a little garden before it, and a

coach round. Prince Eugene was received in great state. In driving out of the coach round, it struck Prince Eugene that there was one manoeuvre he had not notified to the duke: "Drive me back again." He skipt nimbly into the house; and in the drawing-room, where he had been received, he found the Duke of Marlborough perched upon a chair, with his handkerchief under his shoes, and whiffing out the wax candles of the middle piece or lustre.

The Duke of Marlborough, when he got old, usually passed the evening in a room which looks upon one of the courts of Blenheim House. I know the room from long habits, because it was that which was appropriated to be my bed-chamber, after the death of the old Duchess of Bedford, whenever I came to Blenheim. In that room he played regularly every evening at chess. When he was beat, the old man sometimes shed tears: "Every one," he sobbed out, "every one can beat me now."

A gentleman who was employed in her affairs by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, after the duke's death, brought her a paper to sign; and the duchess testifying, for the moment, a reluctance, and an inclination to defer signing, the gentleman seemed offended. "Madam," said he, "your grace may sign with all safety; I have read the paper myself: I am sure."—"And I am positive," said the duchess, "and that's better."

"When I was a clerk in Holland, at a salary of forty pounds a year," Sam Egerton used to say, "I had always something to give readily in alms to the poor; but now, I don't know how it is, I can't put my hand in my pocket—the devil, I think, holds my hand."

Francis Egerton, Duke of Bridgewater, never would let any one come to him—he always would go to them: "For," said he, "if they come to me, they may stay as long as they please: if I go to them, I can stay as long as I please."

One morning, when the duke and I were at Ashbridge together, and standing at one of the windows after breakfast, a hack-chaise drove into the park across the lawn in front of the house. "What is that?" said the duke. "It is a post-chaise," replied one of the servants, which Lord Dartmouth has sent for Plinkey, to take him to the king's kitchen." "Bid Plinkey," said the duke, "stay at Ashbridge, dress my dinner, and not go to the king;" and, in fact, the carriage went back empty. The Earl of Dartmouth, at that time, was master of the household. The duke wrote to him the following letter:

"My lord,—I like my cook: I will keep him. No endeavours would have been made to take him from me, if"

We tried to prevent the duke from sending the above letter. He replied, "Lord Dartmouth may interpret the 'if' as he pleases."

The duke was a firm friend to his country: he willingly contributed his quota to every tax that was levied to defray its expenses, and even went voluntarily beyond what he was under the necessity of doing; for he subscribed one hundred thousand pounds to the Loyalty Loan. He supported ministers and the king's government. Once, indeed, he set himself against a tax which Mr. Pitt had the intention of getting passed: upon that tax, (the fustian tax,) he opposed Mr. Pitt, and beat him, for Mr. Pitt withdrew it. Mr. Pitt over and over again proposed to the duke to let him come to see him, in Lancashire and Cheshire, during one of the summer recesses; but the duke always replied by

courtly and complimentary phrases and plausible excuses; and never would let Mr. Pitt come. "He will see," said the duke to me, as we went in his boat along the navigation, "how rich the country is, and will find out something in which he may think it will bear additional taxing."

One day, when we were at dinner at Hinley, the conversation turned upon an anecdote that was current about old Lord Foley. It was said that a servant of his had found couched in one of the books of the library, an India bond for £1,000, which had been hid there, but forgot by old Mr. Foley. Instantly this servant brought the £1,000 India bond to my lord, delivered to him as his property (a trover), upon which Lord Foley gave him half-a-crown. "He could not," said Lord Dudley, "give him more." We all stared. "He could not," said Lord Dudley, "for the soul of him."

The Earl of Breadalbane was in habits of much intimacy with the Duke of Rutland. One day, when they were together at Belvoir Castle, the Duke said to him: "It is so long a journey to Taymouth, and then you stay there till just the meeting of Parliament: I wish your estates were in my county."—"I should be very sorry," replied Lord Breadalbane; "my estates would almost cover the whole county of Rutland: I fear your grace would not have many acres left for yourself."

The Duke of Cumberland frequently drank a bowl of thick cream after breakfast; and, notwithstanding his polite and gentleman-like manners, he would sit, when it was hot, with his two thumbs, one in each arm-hole of his opened waistcoat. He thought it served to give him coolness, and to ease him under his fat and impracticable unwieldiness.

When any one told to this Duke of Cumberland a very improbable story, he heard him with politeness and attention: "Can you believe," was said to him, "what this man has told you?"—"The gentleman," said the duke, "may believe what he pleases; but I hope he will indulge me in the same liberty."

The Marquis of Stafford (Lord Gower) had one particularity which was not in common with other men,—that of being able, generally, to go to sleep in the daytime, when he pleased. If any unexpected circumstance happened, in consequence of which, according to his estimation, he should have to wait, he would sit down, close his eyes, and in a few minutes he would be asleep.

When, upon the great question which government supported, Sir Robert Walpole was left in a minority, whereby his administration was terminated,—the teller for the No's, as he went up to report the numbers of the division, vociferated, "Hoo hoop!" intending to apprise the house, that "at length the old fox was run down."

One day, when Lord Bath told us he was going to Longleat, and mentioned the place where he should sleep on the road, "You will not be so well there as at home."—"Yes," said Lord Bath, "but I like an inn."—"How can you, master of Longleat, and with your house in Arlington Street, like an inn?"—"Yes," said Lord Bath, "I like an inn, because they seem always so glad to see me."

Lord Bath passed for one of the wisest men in England. "When one is in opposition," said he, "it is very easy indeed to know what to say; but when one is minister, it is difficult to know what not to say."

Once, when I was at Tonbridge Wells, Lord Chancellor Loughborough said to me,

"I never knew Lord Bath."—"Why," said I, "you was a minister at the time that he also was a minister."—"Yes," said he, "personally; but I used to go to bed before twelve, and Lord Bath never was himself (that is, in the plenitude of his faculties and gaiety) till after twelve."

It is very well known, that by the laws of England the chancellor is held to be the guardian of the persons and property of all such persons as are said to be no longer of sound mind and good disposing memory; in fine, to have lost their senses. Lord Chancellor Loughborough told me that he ordered to be brought to him a man against whom his heirs wished to take out a statute of lunacy: he examined him very attentively, put various questions to him, to all of which he made most pertinent and apposite answers. "This man mad!" thought he; "verily, he is one of the ablest men I ever met with!" Towards the end of his examination, however, was put into Lord Loughborough's hand a little scrap of paper, torn from a letter, on which was written with a pencil "Ezekiel." This was enough for such a shrewd and able man as Lord Loughborough. He forthwith took his cue. "What fine poetry," said the chancellor, "is in Isaiah!"—"Very fine," replied the man, "especially when read in the original Hebrew."—"And how well Jeremiah wrote!"—"Surely," said the man—"What a genius, too, was Ezekiel!"—"Do you like him?" said the man; "I'll tell you a secret—I am Ezekiel!"

When the Earl of Bradford was brought before the chancellor, to be examined upon application for a statute of lunacy against him, the chancellor asked him, "How many legs has a sheep?"—"Does your lordship mean," answered Lord Bradford, "a live sheep, or a dead sheep?"—"Is it not the same thing?" said the chancellor. "No, my lord," said Lord Bradford, "there is much difference: a sheep may have four legs; a dead sheep has only two: the two fore legs are shoulders; but there are but two legs of mutton."

A fat, puffy, big-wigged little chap got up into his desk to read prayers to a small congregation one Friday morning, where I was present: the clerk was ready in his desk below him. The printed book out of which the little chap had to read prayers was dog-eared, torn, and missing: he hunted for it some time; and at length called, thinking that the first page, dog-eared as it was and torn, had dropped, and was lying somewhere by, "John! John! what is become of Almighty and most merciful Father? I can't find Him!"

My father sometimes said that he knew the length of an old woman's conscience; for he had been told the measure. An old woman, who was one of the weedeers in the garden, accosted him one morning, and said, "My lord, there is a great deal of red tape in the garden-house; may I take some of it?"—"Yes, good woman, certainly; take enough, in conscience," said he. The head-gardener, who afterwards had occasion for some tape, finding but little left, measured the remainder, and found the old woman had taken thirty feet and about a half.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MEDICAL ESSAYS.—NO. II.

— "First the Infant,
Mewing and puking in the nurse's arms."
Shakespeare.

IN the preceding Essay I entered into some minute details respecting the clothing of newborn infants; and offered some general in-

structions with regard to the dress of children after the period of infancy: I shall pursue the same plan in treating of the food of children.

1. *Food of Early Infancy.*—If Providence have ordained that man be born in a state of health, the same beneficent Power has bountifully provided nourishment of a quality adapted for the delicate nature of his digestive organs, and for easy assimilation; so as to promote the rapid growth and the evolution of new parts in the body of the infant. The necessity of a distinct kind of food for this state, is demonstrated, not only throughout the animal, but also in the vegetable creation. The oak, which for centuries has braved the tempest and drawn its support from the soil, was nourished, when its first leaves were evolved, by a milky emulsion formed from the cotyledons of the acorn; and a lactiferous fountain is formed in the bosom of every mother, for the support of her infant, almost immediately after its birth. There can be no question as to the moral duty which is imposed on every woman who becomes a mother, to suckle her child; but the artificial state in which society has placed the human race, suggests the inquiry—Is every mother capable of performing this office?

Although nature has provided that the food of the infant should be prepared in the maternal system, yet, the fitness of this food for the purposes for which it is intended depends greatly on the health, both corporeal and mental, of the mother. Thus, if a mother be in a state of disease, the secretion of the milk is necessarily impaired; and it may be both deficient in quantity, and of a quality not only not calculated to afford the nourishment which the infant requires, but likely to disagree with its stomach and bowels, and to be productive of disease. A woman so circumstanced, is, certainly, incapable of performing the duties of a mother; and in such a case, however revolting the idea may be to maternal feelings, the infant must be suckled by an alien. I employ the expression "must be," because, as I shall prove afterwards, no circumstances connected with the health of the mother can authorise the hazardous experiment of dry nursing, or bringing an infant up by the hand. But, where one mother is rendered incapable, by disease, of nourishing her infant, hundreds become bad nurses, and injure their offspring, by circumstances altogether under their own control. It is wonderful, and yet the fact is every day before our eyes, that even delicate and otherwise unhealthy females acquire a state of robust health previous to child-birth; and become, and they might continue, good and efficient nurses, were they properly managed. The supineness, however, in the exercise of their reasoning faculties, which makes them the slaves of custom in clothing their infants, renders them the victims of the prejudices of education, opinion, and of self-indulgence, with respect to the diet and regimen which are requisite for constituting them good nurses. "La! ma'am," says the old monthly attendant, "what nonsense the doctor speaks, about eating mild things and not drinking no ale nor porter: how can such a great boy be supported on such washy fare? I knows that milk never can't be made without ale nor porter, ay, and brandy and water—and good living to boot." The advice of so sage a counsellor, seconded by inclination, is followed; the habit of the mother, which was cool and admirably fitted to secrete healthy nutriment for her babe, becomes heated and feverish; the functions of the lactiferous glands are disturbed; the supply of milk is diminished; and what is formed is

of a bad quality. The same effect on the secretion of the milk is occasioned, at a later period, by the bustle of visiting, late hours, irregularity in the periods of suckling, and mental irritation. A woman, therefore, who intends to do her duty to her offspring, cannot be a nurse and a votary of fashion at the same time: and every source of anxiety, or of mental agitation, must be carefully avoided. The latter circumstances, indeed, are too often unavoidably connected with situation in life and domestic occurrences; and impede the exertions of many an excellent and well-disposed woman to perform her maternal duties: but in numerous instances, irritability of temper being unrestrained, and feelings ill-regulated, women become fretful and peevish with trifles; and, consequently, cannot continue the duty which they have commenced, and the performance of which they find even delightful. Thus situated, a woman becomes incapable of nursing her child; and, in providing another nurse for it, not only the health, but the equanimity of temper of the individual should be carefully ascertained.

As it is only among the middle ranks and higher classes of society, that infants can be transferred from the breast of the mother to that of a hired nurse, the moral character of the duty imposed upon every woman of suckling her own offspring has been too much overlooked; and it is thought to be sufficient, if a mother behave kindly to the menial who supplies her place, and sees that she performs her duty to the infant intrusted to her care. But mothers are not alive to the responsibility which they incur, by exposing the infant of the hired nurse to the danger attendant on dry nursing; for few of the unfortunate children whose mothers are engaged as wet-nurses are suckled; and hundreds, I might say thousands, of infants are sacrificed annually to the necessities or the cupidity of their mothers, and to the unnatural habits of fashionable life, improper management, self-indulgence, or unrestrained temper.

But whether an infant be suckled by its mother or by a hired nurse, it is evident, from what has already been said, that no other food can properly supply the place of the breast milk in early infancy. It is of importance, therefore, to inquire what diet, supposing a woman to be in health, is best fitted for promoting the due secretion of good milk? what exercise a mother who is suckling ought to take? and at what periods the infant should be suckled? In reply to the first query, I advise every woman to adhere, as much as possible, to plain, light, and nutritious diet: to abstain from highly-seasoned food, salted meats, and pastry. A very mistaken notion prevails among the fair sex, that vegetables should be avoided by nurses: on the contrary, every nurse should eat a moderate share of well-boiled vegetables at dinner; and ripe fruit, if it agree with her at other times, cannot prove hurtful whilst she is suckling, provided it is eaten in the forenoon. From the fluid nature of the milk, nurses require a larger supply of beverage than other women; but this should neither be strong nor soporific, but diluting, bland, and cooling. In females of delicate habits, and during the progress of suckling, when the nurse is conscious that her strength is failing, ale or porter, or a moderate quantity of wine, may be requisite: but if these are indulged in, they should be accompanied with a large share of mild and diluting liquids, as weak tea, milk and water, barley gruel, or rennet whey. If the individual belong to the

higher class of society, the most substantial feast should be made at lunch-time; for a hearty meal of animal food taken at six or seven o'clock in the evening, is more likely to be productive of fever in the habit of a nurse than to favour the secretion of milk. Supper, however, is a meal which every nurse, who performs her duty to the infant, requires; for she who resigns her charge at night to a nurse maid, to have its cravings supplied by the feeding-bottle or the spoon, scarcely deserves the name of a nurse. With respect to exercise, every nurse should walk out daily, or take exercise in a carriage, if too delicate to walk without suffering from fatigue; but no exercise should be taken which can hurry the circulation of the blood; for, as the milk is formed from this vital fluid, it is evident, that its secretion or preparation in the glands of the breast cannot be properly effected, if it be carried in too rapid a current through them. Hence nurses ought to refrain from dancing, and even from riding on horseback, unless the paces of the horse be extremely easy. For the same reason, as has already been hinted, every agitation of spirits should be avoided; for the softness and serenity of the female character is essential in the nurse; and it is vain to expect a bland and healthful rill to flow from the fountain of infantine nutriment, when the poison of discord is infused in the bosom, and the heart is swelled with acrimony and vehemence. But in securing that complacency of disposition in the nurse which is so necessary for the well-being of the infant, both parents must concur; for who can expect equanimity of temper in the wife who is harassed by contradiction and debate, and who seldom feels the solace of those endearments, and of that tenderness, which esteem and love only can secure in connubial intercourse? Nothing interferes more with the duties of the nurse than irregular hours; and thence I repeat, that no character is more opposite than that of the nursing mother and the woman of pleasure. In respect to the periods of taking food, it is true that infants may be injured by any habits that the nurse adopts; but the child who is accustomed to be suckled at fixed periods is always the most healthy; the stomach is less likely to be overcharged from excessive hunger, or to be nauseated by one meal being crowded upon another, in order to accommodate the engagements of the nurse. Young children require to be more frequently nourished than those who are more advanced in age; at first, the interval between each period of suckling should not exceed two or three hours; but when the child is four months old, it may extend to four hours, and to six during the night, if the child sleep well. To females who have the true feelings of a mother, these intervals are sufficient to permit exercise and the pleasures of society, as far as they ought to be indulged in by a rational nursing mother; but to one who regards her duty to her infant as secondary to her amusements, these intervals are far too limited; the infant is left to mew and writhe in the nurse's lap, tormented with the cravings of hunger, while the unnatural mother is listening to the scandal of a coterie, or to the pretty vapourings of some empty dandy; and when at length its wants are supplied, the meal it obtains is heated by retention, or by the hurried state of the thoughtless mother, when conscience awakens her recollection of her infant, who has been suffering for hours from her inadvertence. Again I repeat, such females ought not to undertake the nursing of their offspring.

On the other hand, many excellent women, from a mistaken tenderness, nurse their infants every time they cry or seem uneasy; and not satisfied even with this, add a meal or two of thick pap or arrow root. By thus constantly stimulating the stomach, the little creatures acquire artificial appetites, which cannot be satisfied; the food is never fairly digested before the stomach is replenished; and the thick pap, from passing in a crude state into the bowels, produces diarrhoea and other complaints: thence the frequent aid of medicine is requisite to correct the effects of the thick food and repletion. Indeed, it is not easy to say, whether greater evils result from this error or from dry-nursing. The repletion itself is sufficient to weaken the powers of the stomach; but the addition of the thick food forms an imperfect chyme, which, passing in a crude state into the intestines, originates an acrid chyle, which obstructs the mesenteric glands. On this account, the nutriment cannot enter into the blood, to supply the waste and exigencies of the frame; the stomach becomes inflated and tumid, the limbs are emaciated, and the child sinks into a state of atrophy, and falls a victim to inanition, in the midst of profusion. The physiognomy of an infant starving from over-feeding, or from improper diet, is the most deplorable picture upon which the eye can rest: the plumpness of the cheeks being sunk, the angles of the jaw-bones project; while the skin, which is sallow, hangs in wrinkles; and there being no teeth, the chin rises and projects forward, so as to give the countenance the similitude of an old shrivelled face in miniature, distorted with pain. Yet there is a semblance of patience or resignation in the expression of the face; the cry is feeble, and the sunk but large eye seems to turn a deploring look upon the beholders, and to powerfully speak a language expressive of suffering and anguish. Mothers and nurses, nevertheless, look daily upon a picture so heart-rending; and, although they are apprised of its origin, yet go on administering to the evil; so impregnable is the stronghold of prejudice and self-deception.

From all that has been detailed, the following conclusions may be deduced respecting the food of early infancy:

1. That the breast milk, being prepared by nature for the support of the infant, is preferable to every other kind of food.
2. That when the mother is healthy, and the supply of breast milk is sufficient, the infant should be supported on it alone.
3. That, in order to secure a healthful and abundant supply of the breast milk, the diet of the mother or the nurse should be light, nutritive, and unstimulating; that her mind should be kept in a tranquil state; that every thing should be avoided which can hurry the circulation and heat the body; and when either mental or corporeal circumstances flurry the spirits or irritate the temper, the child must not be applied to the breast until the agitation have subsided.
4. That an infant should be suckled only at stated hours.

Feb. 21, 1827.

T.

[Want of space compels us, reluctantly, to deprive our readers of the conclusion of this interesting paper till next week.—Ed.]

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

This meritorious and valuable institution has fortunately been raising itself, during the last two or three years, from a state of some depression, into which untoward circumstances, and some little want of energy, had conspired

to throw it. The lectures now in the course of delivery, are, and deserve to be, numerously attended; and the Friday Evening Meetings are at once the most rational and pleasurable assemblies which are to be found in London. A short and popular lecture hardly interrupts, but rather furnishes topics for, the conversation of intelligent and scientific persons, prone to communicate the knowledge and information they possess in that best of forms. At Mr. Brande's lecture on heat, which we attended last Saturday, the demonstrations were equally useful and interesting. The other lectures, of Mr. Faraday (one of the most successful chemical inquirers of the age); of Mr. Millington (so well known on the subject of mechanics); and of Mr. Webster, on the steam-engine, we have not been able to attend; but we understand that they are excellent. Other lectures, on music, painting, natural history, &c. are announced.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Feb. 17.—In January, the numbers of members in this university were—Of Convocation, 2312, and on the books, 4923; Matriculations, 400; Regents, 182; and Determining Bachelors in Lent, 256.

On Thursday, the following Degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law (by commission).—Rev. G. Taylor, M.A. St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. R. Wynter, Jesus College; G. H. Woods, Wadham College.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. D. O. Jephson, Brasenose College, Grand Comptroller; T. G. Penn, Christ Church; J. Clay, Balliol College; J. Day, Exeter College.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE south room of the British Gallery never afforded a very favourable light for pictures, and the additional temporary obscurity in which it now appears, is disadvantageous to the performances there placed. It may therefore be fairly inferred, that by far the greater part of them are, in point of merit, much superior to what their visible appearance denotes.

No. 349. *The Morning Star*.—John Bowden.—is a very fair specimen of Mr. Bowden's talents, and may serve either for a portrait or a work of imagination. As the *Morning Star*, the complexion is hardly fair enough.

No. 376. *Female Curiosity*. T. Clater.—Mr. Clater, as well as others of our artists who make familiar and domestic subjects their study, seems to have availed himself very successfully of the opportunity afforded by the British Institution in adopting the style of the best Flemish masters; and has in this, as well as in No. 33, given sufficient proof of his powers to entitle him to rank among the successful in this class of painting. The performance under notice is brilliant in its colouring and carefully executed, while the drama of the piece is well calculated to obtain notice.

No. 377. *Ascanius in the Lap of Venus*. J. Wood.—Pictures of this class shew the taste and talent of an artist; they add to the interest of an Exhibition, or a Collection, perhaps more than to the benefit of those who may have chosen them for their labours. In this, as well as in other instances that have come under our remarks, Mr. Wood has displayed very considerable ability. The garland-like arrangement of his colours is at once pleasing to the eye and suitable to the subject. The foregoing, with other pictures of interest, shew that the south room is not without its due portion of talent, and that no

exclusive preference to names appears to have been given to performances more fortunately placed. The *Confession*, by J. J. Masquerier, and *Cleopatra dissolving the Pearl*, by Mrs. John Browning, must have their claims allowed, though not seen with the same advantages which they would possess in the other rooms. The same may be said of many in the landscape department, such as the works of J. Wilson, T. W. Richardson, W. Linton, John Ward, F. R. Lee, &c. In the performances of the last-mentioned artist, more especially in No. 106 and No. 223, we recognise a style and character of landscape painting of great merit, uniting qualities of the highest class: his views are arranged with great skill, and fall naturally into good composition; while the depth and clearness of his shadows remind us of the works of Poussin, Artois, and others of a similar kind in the old masters.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PHANTOMS.

From the cold, worm-corrupted clay,
To the scared murderer's couch, 'tis said,
Glides, unimpair'd by time's decay,
The spirit of the dead.

Of this I know not; but I feel—
And feel I ever must, too well—
The Phantom of the grave to steal
That grief hath such a spell.

T.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

Traditions of the Western Highlands.

NO. XII.—DONALD CONALACH.

SEVERAL ages after the events recorded in a late Tradition, a terrible feud, of which we formerly gave some account, arose between Macdonald of Ilay and the Glens, and Maclean of Duart. In the course of this warfare, Maclean had occasion to take hostages from Macdonald, and these remained in the strong hold of Kinnaburg, then fallen into his possession. Maclean having been taken prisoner by Macdonald, at his castle of Dunaverty, in Kintyre, some time thereafter, was very harshly treated, and was permitted to escape with life entirely on the powerful intercession of his cousin the Earl of Argyll, having besides given hostages for the performance of the conditions imposed upon him. Mac-vic-Ian, then of Ardnamurchan, went to Kintyre, and maliciously informed Macdonald that his hostages had been slain by Maclean on his arrival in Mull. Macdonald rashly and cruelly immediately retaliated on the hostages which Maclean had left in his hands. The next morning, however, Macdonald's hostages returned in safety from Mull. These lamentable circumstances rendered it necessary to pass the Scots Act of Parliament which makes murder under trust punishable as treason.

Maclean of Morven was one of those who suffered at Dunaverty on this occasion; and his son, though then a minor, soon began to annoy the Laird of Ardnamurchan in revenge of his father's death. As these misfortunes originated in a marriage, so was it considered advisable that they should terminate; and by the mediation of mutual friends, a match was concluded between the young chieftain of Morven and the daughter of Mac-vic-Ian, or Macdonald. This lady was named Una; and, with the view of strengthening the alliance now happily subsisting between the two families,

Maclean of Duart proposed that she should nurse his eldest son, the heir of his extensive estate, which she accordingly did. Her lofty stature and sound constitution, which are still proverbial, rendered her also a very appropriate person to nurse a Highland chief, whose dignity was no sinecure in those days.

In the course of some time, the young Mac-vic-Ian became attached to the daughter of Cameron of Lochiel, a young lady of extraordinary beauty and merit, who had many distinguished suitors. His uncle, who was denominated Mac-vic-Coin, an appellation always bestowed on the Tanister, or heir apparent, of that family, resided near Strontian, a place since well known from its lead mines, and the discovery of the earth termed strontites. He was a man of gigantic size and extraordinary strength, and on this interesting occasion he accompanied his nephew, the very handsome and promising young Laird of Ardnamurchan, who was commonly styled Donald Conalach, an appellation which the Macdonalds inherited from the aboriginal chiefs of the land, from whom they were maternally descended, as already mentioned. The lady was attached to Mac-vic-Ian, and her father sanctioned her choice with his approbation; the terms of the contract were arranged, and a day was appointed for their marriage. The uncle returned home by the direct road, and on his arrival at his own house, his wife inquired if the marriage was to proceed? He replied in the affirmative. "Well, then," said his wife, "if your nephew shall marry Lochiel's daughter, they will employ you as a slave to hew wood and draw water for them," alluding to the influence the young man would acquire by the connexion. "By the souls of my father and grandfather," said her husband, "that shall never happen!" He knew the path by which his nephew took his journey homeward, and that, loath to part even for one short week from his lovely bride, he had lingered a night behind him. Mac-vic-Coin, accompanied by a few of his followers, repaired to a narrow pass at the head of Kentray bay, and lurking in a thick bush of birch, which still covers the spot, he there awaited the approach of the happy bridegroom, who soon appeared,—his heart elated with joy, and his countenance covered with smiles. The monster shot him with an arrow, and killed him.

We forbear to relate the remarks which the savage murderer made on the convulsive struggles of his dying nephew. The stream in which he fell still bears his name; and the natives, in crossing the pass, bless God that times are now changed. This event occurred about the year 1620.

MUSIC.

CONCERTS OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE seventeenth series of these performances, which, ever since their foundation, have deservedly been looked upon as the great promoters and conservators of modern classical music, whilst the ancient concerts protect that of an earlier date, commenced on Monday last, under the direction of Mr. Bishop as conductor, and Mr. Spagnoletti as leader. A room so numerously attended, and the well-known fact, that a great many applicants for becoming subscribers have been disappointed, sufficiently prove, that these concerts, so far from losing, have gained much in the estimation of the musical public. The following is the programme of the concert:—

Act. I.

Sinfonia Eroica Beethoven.
Aria, Signor Zuchelli, "A rispettarmi apprendi," (Moe in Egitto) Rossini.
Concerto Piano-forte, Mr. Schlesinger Hummel.
Scena, Miss Paton, "Si lo sento," (Faust) Spohr.
Overture, Der Freischütz C.M.v.Weber.

Act. II.

Sinfonia in C. Haydn.
Scena, Mr. Braham, "Yes, even love!" (Oberon) C.M.v.Weber.
Quartetto Brillante, two Violins, Violoncello, Messrs. Mori, Gury, Moralt, and Lindley Mayneier.
Terzetto, Miss Paton, Mr. Braham, and Signor Zuchelli, "Cosa sento (Figaro) Mozart.
Overture Idomenio Mozart.

With the exception of the Aria, by Rossini, the remainder of the pieces were all by German composers, who, upon a general observation, may be said to have the ascendancy in these rooms over musicians of other countries. The Heroica of Beethoven falls within the verge of his perfectly intelligible productions, though it savours strongly of those extraordinary traits of genius with which his last symphonies abound. The funeral march, which forms one of the movements, has a great reputation for feeling and grandeur. The Symphony of Haydn in C, one of his earliest and most simple, appeared like a child, by the side of that Hercules of Beethoven. Every member of the band did his duty, though it was justly and generally remarked with censure, that the leader hurried in both symphonies, particularly in the andante of Haydn's, the time of which he had taken immediately at the beginning so quick, that it appeared like an allegro. Signor Spagnoletti is too often guilty of this fault: he is more at home at the Opera.

Mr. Schlesinger's first performance at these concerts was rewarded by considerable applause. He is a pupil of Moscheles and Ries, and he does credit to his masters, though he will have to toil a few years more before we could bring his playing into comparison with that of Moscheles. He is rather deficient in mind and feeling, in consequence of which his execution wants character, however commendable it is in other respects. The Concerto of Hummel in A minor, for the last movement of which his first Rondo brillante was very improperly substituted, is notoriously his best. Miss Paton sang the beautiful but extremely difficult scene from Spohr's *Faust* with so much science and command, that she fully merited the rapturous plaudits given her by the whole audience. Mr. Braham was rather liberal with cadences of his own construction, in "Yes, even Love to Fame." Mayseider's Violin Quartetto, in which M. Mori's violin predominated, was one of the very best pieces of the whole Concert, both for composition and execution.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

ON Monday evening there was a representation of the *Stranger*, for the purpose of introducing to the public a young lady of the name of Brothers in the part of *Mrs. Haller*. This lady, who we learn, is an American by birth, and has been performing recently at the Liverpool theatre, has very good features for a tragic actress, and a very tolerable figure; but her voice, particularly in its higher tones, is shrill, and her general style of acting is cold and artificial. She is said to have received instruction from some of the old "Stagers," and that her masters anticipated a large measure of success from their tuition. Judging, however, from what we could observe upon her first appear-

* Coin is a different pronunciation of Ian, or John.

ance, we should doubt if she be likely to attain any very great eminence in her profession. For second or third-rate ladies in sentimental plays, she may turn out to be useful; but to *Mrs. Haller* even—a part which almost acts itself, she is, at present at least, decidedly unequal. Her best plan, probably, would be to discard her teachers altogether, and trust a little more to feeling and to nature as a study; and a persevering course of practice in the provinces, often proves of more real service to an actress, than all the formal instructions in the world. Mr. Kean played the *Stranger* very carelessly and indifferently. It is a character for which he is in many respects unfit, and one which, if he had been wise, he never would have attempted. The rest of the play, if we except Mrs. Yates and Mr. Harley, was but poorly represented. With Wallack and Cooper in the company, what necessity is there that Archer and Mercer should be inflicted upon us in the *Baron* and the *Count*?—When will actors learn to know their proper places?

COVENT GARDEN.

On Saturday the *Gamester* was performed at this theatre, and Miss Jarman assumed, for the first time in London, the part of *Mrs. Beverly*. This tragedy, although deficient in elevation of character and beauty of language, two grand requisites in this species of dramatic composition, is nevertheless so well constructed and so generally interesting in its details, that when well acted, it never fails to produce a powerful effect, and to excite in the highest degree the sympathy and applause of the audience. Miss Jarman's performance was throughout extremely respectable, but the character does not appear to be exactly in her "line." Many of the scenes were played with great propriety, and she depicted, with much feeling and good taste, the unbounded love and reckless generosity of the infatuated wife; but in other respects she wanted dignity of appearance, and steadiness of manner, and consequently her scene with *Stukely*, which is generally so great a hit, came, in comparison, but feebly off. Her delivery of many of the speeches was too rapid, a fault which, in a large theatre in particular, is quite intolerable. We think it would be to her advantage to stick to the *Juliets* and the *Imogens*, and the other youthful heroines, and leave the matronly characters to some future period. Mr. Young was the *Beverly*, and a very fine performance it was. The whole of the character, from first to last, was sustained by him in a manner which we have never seen surpassed. It was totally free from rant, or the slightest attempt to extort the applause of the unthinking, and the pathos he threw into the prison scene was affecting in the extreme. It is indeed a masterly performance, and well deserving the notice of the lovers of good acting. Warde, on this occasion, took the part of *Stukely*, a character so outrageously and disgustingly wicked, that the actor has a great deal to contend against; he managed, however, to get through it with considerable skill; and, as far as a gentlemanlike carriage and insinuating address were concerned, was greatly superior to the generality of those who have preceded him. Mr. Serle was the *Leeson*, and Miss Jones the *Charlotte*. These are two such insipid persons, that they require very good performers to make them endurable. Serle was, as usual, too formal and declamatory; and a sentimental lady cannot be worse off than in the hands of Miss Jones. We have never, since we have been acquainted with the stage,

seen those parts well represented, except when they were intrusted to C. Kemble and Miss Foote. The house was full, and the tragedy was announced for repetition, amidst loud and general applause.

Winter's opera of the *Oracle*; or, the *Interrupted Sacrifice*, performed last summer at Mr. Arnold's theatre, with so much *clat*, was produced here on Tuesday, and the representation attended with complete success. As the principal singers fill the same characters as they did at the English Opera House, we have nothing to remark, but that Miss Paton and Mr. Sapio fully support their former reputation in *Mira* and *Sydney*; that Mr. Phillip is very effective in *Maffery*; that the choruses are admirably given; and that the whole opera, including scenery, dresses, and decorations, is splendidly and expensively got up.

ADELPHI.

WHOEVER loves to see Cooke in his element, the sea, and one of the grandest explosions that ever blew up a buccaneer, after a bloody combat, must not fail to visit the Adelphi, where *The Pirate's Doom*, taken from Allan Cunningham's novel of Paul Jones, is now exhibiting these and many other attractions. Terry, Reeve, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, perform the other leading parts in this popular piece.

MASQUERADE.

THERE was a Masquerade on Thursday; the only variety we perceived in which was, that the frequenters of these places seem to have got out of taste with the finest wines in the world, to which they had been accustomed; and the name of a Monsieur du Bourg (or something like it), was given in the bills as furnishing the genuine and unrivalled article for the entertainment! *Apropos*, we hear from *Cette in the Adriatic*, that of ten ships loading there with Bourdeaux, Champagne, and other indigenous wines, seven were for the port of London, two for America, and one a foreigner. Thus do we get the most of the genuine!!

VARIETIES.

We gather from a new Glasgow periodical, called the *Ant*, that Mr. Knowles, the author of *Virginus*, has a tragedy entitled *Alfred*, ready for the stage.

Bologna.—It is only in this city, says an intelligent traveller, that Italian music is now heard in perfection. The theatre is decorated with truly royal magnificence, and the scenery and dresses are most splendid and superb.

Sir Humphrey Davy.—In a letter from Paris, it is stated that this gentleman had declared it to be his intention immediately to resign the Presidency of the Royal Society.

Dr. Mitford.—The death of Dr. Mitford, the Historian of Greece, is announced in the newspapers. He was much advanced in years.

Marini.—This Italian performer, who is one of the most popular actors at Venice, bears a strong resemblance to Talma. An irresistible inclination led him to the stage, for which he quitted a lucrative and honourable post. He has a fine figure, and a powerful and expressive voice.—*Foreign Journal*.

Egyptian Antiquities.—The Hall of the Louvre, in which is to be placed the fine collection of Egyptian Antiquities which France owes to royal munificence, will have a painted ceiling, eighty feet square. A French artist of the name of M. Abel de Pujol is at present executing it.

Africa.—The *Glasgow Courier* states that a letter, the date not mentioned, has been received from Major Laing, since his arrival at Timbuctoo; and that instead of descending the Niger, the traveller expresses his intention to return overland to Tripoli.—*Quere?*

Scarce Portraits.—The collectors of rare prints for the illustration of English history, will be afforded, on Wednesday next, an opportunity of enriching their graphic stores, by the addition of a series of fine impressions, from a choice copy of the *ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ*; together with other prints: the works of the Passes, Delaram, Elstracke, Faithorne, Loggan, Bloteling, Vaughan, &c. Of late years, few occasions have brought so desirable a collection together; and doubtless all the learned, and all the amateurs of this interesting pursuit, will have seen these curious works at the room of Messrs. Stewart, Wheatley, and Adlard; or if not, our mention of them will lead to that treat.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Gray's *Elegy* in a Country Churchyard, with Notes, and Seven Illustrations in Lithography, by John Cullum, is announced.

Heraldic Notices of Canterbury Cathedral; with Genealogical and Topographical Notes, &c. in quarto, by Thomas Willement, Author of "Regal Heraldry," is nearly ready.

The *Cousin's Gift*; or, *Stories in Verse*, is announced by Messrs. Harvey and Darton.

In noticing the sale of Mr. Drury's library last week, we spoke of a MS. of Lord Byron's, which it is feared might lead to the belief that this MS. was the very curious one of that noble person's which Mr. D. is known to the literary world to possess. This is not the case; and we take the earliest occasion to prevent or correct such misconception.

Preparing for publication, A Translation of the Second Edition of *Nicobar's Roman History*, undertaken in concert with the Author, by the Rev. Julius Hare and C. Thirlwall, Esq., Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Poetical Works of L. E. L., 3 vols. fcp. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.
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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 15	From 28. to 30.	27.78 to 29.84
Friday . . . 16	— 17. — 28.	29.60 — Stat.
Saturday . . . 17	— 14. — 29.	29.83 — 29.84
Sunday . . . 18	— 16.5 — 29.	29.80 — Stat.
Monday . . . 19	— 21. — 30.	29.85 — 29.70
Tuesday . . . 20	— 19. — 35.	29.40 — 29.58
Wednesday 21	— 27. — 40.	29.58 — 29.67

Prevailing wind N.E. Except the 20th and 21st, generally clear and frosty—a little snow on the 15th.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude . . . 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude . . . 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If Mr. James Charles Phillips, of 7, Cumberland Street, Edinburgh, had taken the trouble, in his letter of the 10th, to explain to what he alluded, it would perhaps have rendered it intelligible.

B. M. C. of V. was received, but could not be inserted. We should occupy too much of our paper, were we to admit the endless complimentary verses to the individual so much admired by our correspondent.

Negatives.—Emma of Bristol; H. J. S.; Pseudo; and a number of others, for various reasons too tedious to mention. The poetry offered to us is indeed so voluminous, that if it were all of the highest order, we must neglect the far greater part of it.

Account of the Melodists' Club Meeting, and other musical matters, in our next; also the conclusion of Keppel's Travels.

We should state, that *Evenings in Greece*, with a copy of which we have been favoured, cannot be published till early in March.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

British Institutions, Pall Mall.

THE Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, including the Pictures of the Battle of the Nile, at the moment of the blowing-up of the *L'Orient*; and that of the Representation of Admiral Elphinstone delivering his Farewell to the British Officers of the *Campanella*, presented by the British Institution to the Royal Hospital of Greenwich, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

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On the 1st of March will be published, by Francis Collins, 11, New Cavendish Street, Portland Place.

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THE GARDENER'S MAGAZINE, No. VI. will be published March 1st. Printed for Longman, Rees, Brown, and Green, London.

Literary Magnet.

On the 1st of February was published, price 1s. 6d.

THE LITERARY MAGNET for February.

Contents: I. British Living Artists—the Black Masters and their Patrons—II. Maxims to Live by—III. A Woman's Farewell—Scottish History—the War in Spain and Portugal—V. The Minister of a Leading Article Manufacturer—VI. Living Poets of England: Professor Wilson—VII. Prophecy Dreams: with numerous Examples, Ancient and Modern—VIII. The Lover's Farewell to his Love. By J. H. Wilson, Esq.—IX. Mr. Sharon Turner and the Monthly Review—X. Human Sorrow. By J. M.—XI. A Fairy Tale. By Mrs. H. Rolfe—XII. The Quarterly Review—XIII. Mr. Rogers's Last Sonnet—XIV. A Woman's Farewell—XV. Mr. Wellesley Lord—XVI. The Periodicals—XVII. Almack's—XVIII. Evening. By Mary Howitt—XIX. Byron Portraits—XX. Ballad. By John Clare—XXI. Ballad. By Catherine Webb—XXII. Notice. From New Publications—XXIII. The Grey Ass—XXIV. Literary Intelligence—XXV. Chit Chat, Literary and Miscellaneous. Published by F. G. Moon, 30, Threadneedle Street.

The Literary Magnet, New Series, from January 1820, to January 1827, in 3 vols. 8vo. boards, price 15s.

LE GLOBE; Journal Philosophique et Littéraire. Published in Paris three times a week, and in London once a week, price 5s. each Number; for a Year, 31. 12s. Among the Articles contained in the last 67th, 68th, and 69th Numbers, are the following:—Mémoire sur les Grandes Routes, les Chemins de Fer, et les Canaux de Navigation—Mémoire sur la Liberté des Cultes—Mélanges Historiques et Littéraires, par M. Villemain—Lettre sur l'Industrie—Des Conséquences des Attaques contre la Liberté de la Presse—Nouveaux Principes d'Economie Politique, par M. Simmond—Bulletin des Séances de l'Institut &c. France—Revue des Théâtres, &c.

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3. Le Spectateur Militaire; in 8vo. 100 pages, 2s. each Number; by the Year, 12 monthly Numbers, 11. 11s. 6d.—House of General Agency, 30, Norfolk Street, Strand; and at Mr. Roland's, Bookseller, 25, Berners Street, Oxford Street.

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Part II. will be published on the 1st of April, and Part III. on the 1st of June.

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